The Saturday Evening Post

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1871. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2500.

SPRING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GEIBEL.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

Oh! where do you fly so fast, sweet bird?
"To northern climes I fly;
For Spring has begun, and clear shines the sun—
And the brooks go dancing by."

Then hasten, oh! hasten your flight, dear bird—
And on me a favor confer:
To my lady-love say, that I think all the day,
And dream all the night, of her.
And ne'er shall my heart from its loyalty part,
While its pulses with life-blood stir.

And greet every rose, round her dwelling that grows,
Sweet birdie! when o'er it you fly;
Would I were a flower, to bloom in her bower,
Or on her fair bosom to die.

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

IN THE FOREST.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RETURN.

How was it that the tigrero, whom we saw leave the rancho almost as soon as Dona Marianna, and follow in her track, arrive so late? We will explain this in a few sentences. The young man, feeling certain that his foster-sister thoroughly knew the road she had to follow, which was, moreover, properly traced, had not dreamed of the chance of her missing her way, and not troubling himself to follow the horse's footmarks, he pushed straight on, fancying Dona Marianna ahead of him, crossed the forest, and then entered the plain, without perceiving the person he fancied he was following.

Still, on reaching the cultivated land, he looked carefully ahead of him, for he was surprised at the advance the young lady had gained on him in so short a time. But, though he examined the horizon all around, he saw nothing of her. Marianno was beginning to grow anxious; still, as there was a chaparal some distance ahead, whose tufted trees might conceal her whom he sought, he became reassured, and pushed onward, increasing the already rapid pace of his steed. It took him some time to pass through the chaparal; when he reached its skirt, and again entered the plain, the sun had set about half-an-hour previously, and darkness was invading the earth; the darkness was, indeed, so thick, that in spite of all his exertions, he could distinguish nothing a few paces ahead of him.

The tigrero halted, dismounted, placed his ear on the ground, and listened. A moment later he heard, or fancied he heard, a distant sound resembling a horse's gallop; his alarm was at once dissipated. Convinced that the young lady was in front of him, he mounted again and pushed on. As he was only two leagues from the Hacienda del Toro, he soon reached the foot of the rock. Here he stopped, and asked himself whether he had better go up, or regard his mission as fulfilled, and turn back. While unable to form any decision, he saw a black outline gliding along the path, and soon distinguished a horseman coming toward him.

"Good-evening, caballero," he said, when the latter crossed him.

"A happy journey to you," the other politely replied, and he passed on—but suddenly turned round again. The tigrero rode to meet him.

"Ah!" the horseman said, when they met, "I felt sure that I was not mistaken. How is Marianno?"

"Very well, and at your service," the tigrero answered, recognizing the majordomo; "and you, Paredes?"

"The same, thank you; are you going up to the toro, or returning to the rancho?"

"Why that question?"

"Because in the former case I would bid you good-night—while in the latter, we would ride together."

"Are you going to the rancho?"

"Yes; the Senor Marquis has sent me."

"Tell me, Paredes, would there be any indiscretion on my part in asking you what you are going to do at the rancho at so late an hour?"

"Not the slightest, compadre. I am simply going to fetch Dona Marianna, who has remained to-day later than usual with her nurse. Her father is anxious about her long absence, and asked me to go and meet her if she were on her road home, or if not, push on to the rancho."

This revelation was a thunder-clap for the young man, who fancied that he had misunderstood.

"What!" he exclaimed, anxiously, "is not Dona Marianna at the hacienda?"

"It seems not," the majordomo answered, "since I am going to fetch her."

"Why, that is impossible!" the other continued, in extreme agitation.

"Why so?" said Paredes, beginning to grow anxious in his turn. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that Dona Marianna left the rancho full three hours ago; that I followed her without her knowledge to watch over her safety—and that she must have been at the hacienda for more than half an hour."

"Are you quite sure of what you assert?"

"Caral! I have asserted it."

"In that case, Heaven have pity on the poor girl! for I apprehend a frightful misfortune."

"But she may have entered the hacienda without your seeing her."

"Nonsense, compadre; that is impossible. But come, we'll convince ourselves."

Without losing time in longer argument, the two men dashed up the rock at a gallop, and in a few minutes reached the first gate of the hacienda. No one had seen Dona Marianna. The alarm was instantly given; Don Hernando wished to ride off at the head of his people, and beat up the country in search of his daughter; and it was with great difficulty that he was induced to abandon the project. Don Ruiz and the majordomo, followed by some twenty peons, provided with ocote-wood torches, started in two different directions.

Marianno had an idea of his own. When he was quite certain that his foster-sister had not returned, he presumed the truth—that she was lost in the forest. He did not consider for a moment that she had been carried off by Indian marauders, for he had not noticed any trace of a party of horsemen; and Bigote, whose nose was infallible, had evinced no anxiety during the ride. Hence Dona Marianna must be lost in the forest. The tigrero let Don Ruiz, the majordomo, and the peons pass him, and then bent his steps towards the rancho, closely followed by his dog, in spite of the exhortations of his young master and Paredes, who wanted him to accompany them. When he was in the forest he stopped for a moment, as if to look round him; then, after most carefully examining the spot where he was, he dismounted, fastened his horse's bridle to the pommel, tied the stirrups together to keep them from clanking, and gave his horse a friendly smack on the crupper.

"Go along, Moreno," he said to it; "return to the rancho. I shall not want you again to-night."

The horse turned its fine intelligent head to its master, gave a neigh of pleasure, and started at a gallop in the direction of the rancho. The tigrero carefully examined his gun, the priming of which he renewed, and began inspecting the ground by the light of a torch. Bigote, gravely seated on its hind legs, followed its master's every movement, and was evidently much perplexed. After a very lengthened search, the tigrero probably found what he was looking for, for he rose with an air of satisfaction, and whistled his dog, which at once ran up.

"Bigote," he said, "smell these marks; they were made by the horse of your mistress, Marianna; do you recognise them."

The noble animal did as its master ordered, then fixed its sparkling eyes upon him with an almost human expression, and wagged its tail with delight.

"Good, Bigote! good, my famous dog!" the tigrero continued, as he patted it; "and now let us follow the trail; forward, Bigote, pick it up clean."

The dog hesitated for a moment, then it set out with its nose to the ground, closely followed by its master, who had extinguished his torch, which would henceforth be useless. But all we have narrated occupied considerable time; and the tigrero would have arrived too late to save the maiden, had not heaven sent the hunter across her path. The dog did not once check its speed through the numberless windings of the course Negro had followed; and master and dog together reached the spot where the horrible drama we recently described occurred.

"When I heard Stronghand's shot," the tigrero added, as he concluded his narrative, "I experienced a kind of deadly agony, for I understood that a frightful struggle was going on at the moment, and that the beast might conquer the man. Well, my sister, will you now believe in the jaguars?"

"Oh, silence, Marianno!" the young lady said, with a shudder; "I almost went mad with terror when I saw the eyes of the horrible animals fixed upon me. Oh! had it not been for this brave and honest hunter, I should have been lost."

"Brave and honest, indeed!" the tigrero said, with frank affection; "you are right, senorita, for Stronghand might just as fairly be called Goodheart, for he is ever so ready to assist strangers, and relieve the unfortunate."

Dona Marianna listened with lively pleasure to this praise of the man who had saved her life; but Stronghand felt terribly embarrassed, and suffered in his heart at a deed which he thought so simple, and which he was so delighted to have done, being rated so highly.

"Come, come, Marianno," he said, in order to cut short the young man's compliments, "we cannot remain here any longer; remember that while we are quietly resting by the fireside and talking nonsense, this young lady's father and brother are suffering from deadly anxiety, and scouring the plain without any hope of finding her. We must arrange now to get away from here as soon as possible, and return to the hacienda."

"Caral, master, you are right, as usual; but what is to be done? Both you and I are on foot, and we cannot dream for a moment that the senorita could walk such a distance."

"Oh, I am strong," she said with a smile; "under your escort, my friends, I fear nothing, and can walk."

"No, senorita," the hunter said, with an accent of gentle authority, "your strength would betray your courage; on so dark a night, and in a forest like this, a man accustomed to desert life could hardly expect to walk without falling at every step. Put yourself in our hands, for we know better than you do what is best to be done under the circumstances."

"Very good," she answered; "act as you think proper. I have suffered enough already to-day, by refusing to listen to the advice of Marianno, to prevent me being obstinate now."

"That is the way to talk," the tigrero said gayly. "What are we going to do, Stronghand?"

"While you skin the jaguars—for I suppose you do not wish to leave them as they are—"

"What!" the tigrero interrupted him, "those skins belong to you, and I have no claim to them, as you killed the beasts."

"Pooh!" the hunter said with a laugh, "I am not a tigrero, except by accident; the skins are yours, and fairly so; so you had better take them."

"Since that is the case I will not decline; but as for my part, I promised to give my foster sister the skins to make a rug, I will beg her to accept them."

"Very good," she answered, giving the hunter a look which filled him with joy; "they will remind me of the fearful danger I incurred, and the way in which I escaped it."

"That is settled, then," the hunter said; "and I will cut down with my machete some branches to form a litter."

"Caral, that is an idea which would not have occurred to me," Marianno remarked, with a laugh; "but it is very simple. To work."

Hunters and trappers are skillful and most expeditious men; in a few minutes Marianno had skinned the jaguars, and Stronghand formed the litter; the skins, after being carefully folded, were securely fastened on the back of Bigote, who did not at all like the burden imposed on him; but after a while he made up his mind to put up with it. Stronghand covered the litter with leaves and grass, over which he laid the saddle-cloth of the horse the jaguars had devoured; then he requested the young lady to seat herself on this soft divan, which was so suddenly improvised, and the two men, taking it on their strong shoulders, started in the direction of the hacienda, joined by Bigote, who trotted in front with glad barks.

Although the hunters had, from excess of precaution, formed torches of ocote-wood to help them, the darkness was so complete—the trees were so close together—that it was with extreme difficulty that they succeeded in advancing in this inextricable labyrinth. Forced to take continued *detours*—obliged at times to walk in water up to their waists—deafened by the discordant cries of the birds, which the flash of the torches aroused—they saw all around them the wild beasts flying, with hoarse roars and eyes glaring through the darkness. It was then that Dona Marianna fully comprehended what frightful peril she had escaped, and how certain her death would have been, had not the hunter come to her assistance with such noble self-devotion; and at the remembrance of all that had occurred, and which was now but a dream, a convulsive tremor passed over her limbs, and she felt as if she were about to faint. Stronghand, who seemed to guess what was going on in the maiden's mind, frequently spoke to her, in order to change the current of her ideas by compelling her to answer him. They had been marching for a long distance, and the forest seemed as savage as when they started.

"Do you believe," Dona Marianna asked, "that we are on the right road?"

"Even admitting, senora, what might be possible," the hunter answered, "that Marianno and myself were capable of falling into an error, we have with us an infallible guide in Bigote, who, you may be quite certain, will not lead us astray."

"Within ten minutes, senorita," the tigrero said, "we shall enter the road that runs from the rancho to the hacienda."

All at once the two men stopped. At the same moment Dona Marianna heard shouts that seemed to answer each other in various directions.

"Forward! forward!" said Stronghand; "let us not leave your relatives and friends in anxiety longer than we can help."

"Thanks," she answered.

They continued their march; and, as the tigrero had announced, in scarce ten minutes they reached the road to the hacienda.

"What will we do now?" Marianna asked.

"I think," Stronghand answered, "that we ought to announce our presence by a cry for help, and then proceed in the direction of those who answer us. What is your opinion, senora?"

"Yes," she said, "I think we ought to do so; for otherwise we run a risk of reaching the hacienda without meeting any of the persons sent to seek me, and who might continue their search till morning, which would be ingratitude on my part."

"You are right, Nina; for all these worthy people are attached to you, and besides, your brother and Don Paredes are also seeking you."

"That is a further reason why we should hasten to announce our return," the young lady answered.

The two hunters, after consulting for a moment, uttered together that long shrill yell, which, in the desert as in the mountains, serves as the rallying cry, and may be heard for an enormous distance. Almost immediately the whole forest seemed to be aroused; similar cries broke out in all directions, and the hunters noticed red dots running with extreme rapidity between the trees, and all converging on the spot where they stood, as if they radiated from a common centre. Certain of having been heard, the hunters once again uttered their shouts for help. The reply was not delayed; the galloping of horses soon became distinct, and then riders, holding torches, appeared from all parts of the forest coming at full speed, waving their hands, and resembling the fantastic huntsmen of the old German legends. In a few minutes all the persons were assembled round the litter on which the young lady reclined; and Don Ruiz and the majordomo were not long ere they arrived. We will not describe the joy of brother and sister in seeing each other again.

"Brother," Dona Marianna said to Don Ruiz, "if you find me still alive, you owe it to the man who before saved us both from the pirates of the prairies; had it not been for him, I should have been lost."

"You may safely say that, and no mistake," Marianno said, in confirmation.

"Where is he?" Don Ruiz asked; "where is he? that I may express all my gratitude to him."

But he was sought for in vain. During the first moment of confusion, Stronghand had summoned a peon to take his place—had glided unnoticed into the forest and disappeared—no one being able to say in what direction he had gone.

"Why this flight?" Dona Marianna murmured, with a stifled sigh; "does this strange man fear lest our gratitude should prove too warm?"

And she thoughtfully bowed her head on her bosom.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHANCE WORK.

Although he allowed nothing to be visible, Don Ruiz was vexed at heart with the affectation the hunter seemed to display in avoiding him, and escaping from his thanks. This savageness in a man to whom he owed such serious obligations appeared to him to conceal either a disguised enmity, or dark schemes whose accomplishment he feared—though he could not assign any plausible motive for them, especially after the manner in which the hunter had not hesitated on two occasions to imperil his life in assisting himself and his sister. These thoughts, which incessantly thronged to the mind of Don Ruiz, plunged him into deep trouble for some moments; still, when the peons he had sent off to seek the hunter all returned one after the other, declaring that they could not possibly find his trail, the young man shook his head several times, frowned, and then gave orders for the start.

Dona Marianna's return to the hacienda was a real triumphal procession. The peons, delighted at having found their mistress again safe and sound, gayly bore her on their shoulders, laughing, singing, and dancing along the road, not knowing how otherwise to express their joy, and yet desirous to make her comprehend the pleasure they felt. In spite of the fatigue that crushed her, and the state of exhaustion into which she had fallen through the terrific emotions she had undergone, Dona Marianna, sensible of these manifestations of gratitude, made energetic efforts in order to appear to share their joy, and prove to them how greatly she was affected by it. But, although she gave them her sweetest smiles and gentlest words, she could not have endured much longer the constraint, and she was really exhausted when the little party at length reached the hacienda.

The marquis, who was suffering the most frightful agitation, had gone to the last gate to meet them, and would possibly have gone farther still, had not Don Ruiz taken the precaution, so soon as his sister was found, to send off a peon to tranquillize his mind and announce the successful result. At the first moment the marquis completely forgot his aristocratic pride, only to think of the happiness of pressing to his heart the child he feared he had lost forever. Don Rufino Contreras, carried away by the example, shared in the general joy, and pretended to pump up a tear of sympathy while fixing on the young lady his huge gray eyes, to which he tried in vain to give a tender expression.

The maiden threw herself with an outburst of tears into her father's arms, and at length, yielding to her feelings, fainted—an accident which, by arousing the anxiety of the spectators, cut short all the demonstrations. Dona Marianna was conveyed to her apartments, and the peons were dismissed after the majordomo had, by the order of the marquis, distributed among them *pesetas* and *tragos of refino*, which set the crown of the delight of these worthy fellows.

In spite of the offer of Paredes, who invited him to spend the night at the hacienda, the tigrero would not consent; and after freeing Bigote from the jaguars' skins, which seemed to cause the dog considerable

pleasure, they both started gayly for the rancho. It was about 2 o'clock, A. M., and a splendid night, and the tigrero, with his gun under his arm and his dog at his heels, was walking at a steady pace while whistling a merry jarana, when, just as he was entering the shadow of the forest, Stronghand suddenly emerged from a thicket two paces ahead of him.

"Hilloh!" the tigrero said, on recognising him; "where the deuce did you get to just now, that it was impossible to find you? What bee was buzzing in your bonnet?"

The hunter shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you fancy," he replied," "that it is so very pleasant to be stared at by those semi-idiotic peons for performing so simple a deed as mine was?"

"Well, opinions are free, compadre, and I will not argue with you on that score; still, I should not have run off in that way."

"Very well. You are more modest than you like to show, brother; and I feel certain that, under similar circumstances, you would have acted as I did."

"That is possible, though I do not believe it; still, I thank you," he added, with a laugh, "for having discovered in me a quality which I was not aware I possessed. But where on earth are you going at such an hour?"

"I was looking for you."

"In that case all is for the best, since you have found me; what do you want of me?"

"To ask hospitality of you for a few days."

"Our house is not large, but sufficiently so to contain a guest, especially when you are he; you can remain with us so long as you please."

"I thank you, gossip, but I shall not abuse your complaisance; I am obliged to remain for a few days in these parts, and, as the nights are fresh, I will confess that I prefer passing them under a roof instead of the star-spangled arch of heaven."

"As you please, Stronghand, the door of my humble rancho is ever open to let you in or out. I do not want to know the reason for your stay here; but the longer you remain with us, the greater honor and pleasure you will afford us."

"Thanks, comrade."

All was settled in a few words. The two men continued their walk, and soon reached the rancho. The tigrero led the hunter to his bed-room, where they lay down side by side, and soon fell asleep. A few days elapsed during which the hunter saw Dona Marianna several times, while careful not to let her notice him, although it was evident to Stronghand that the young lady would have liked nothing better than meeting him; perhaps she really desired it, without daring to confess it to herself.

One day, about a week after the scene with the jaguars, the hunter was lying half-asleep in a copse whose leafy branches completely hid him from sight, and quietly enjoying his siesta during the great mid-day heat, when he fancied he heard the sound of footsteps not far from the spot where he was. He instinctively opened his eyes, raised himself on his elbow, and looked carefully around him; he checked a cry of surprise on recognising the man, who had stopped close to the thicket and dismounted, like a man who has reached the spot he desired. This man was Kidd, the bandit, with whom the reader has already formed acquaintance.

"What does that scoundrel want here?" the hunter asked himself. "He is doubtless plotting some infamy, and I bless the chance that brings him within ear-shot, for this demon is one of the men who cannot be watched too closely."

In the meanwhile Kidd had removed his horse's bit, in order to let it graze freely; he himself sat down on a rock, lit a husk cigarette, and began smoking with all the *nonchalance* of a man whose conscience is perfectly at its ease. Stronghand racked his brains in vain to try and discover the motive for the presence of the bandit in these parts, so remote from the ordinary scene of his villainy, when chance, which had already favored him gave him the clue to the enigma, which he had almost despaired of obtaining. A sound made him turn his head, and he saw a stout horseman, with rubicund face and handsomely dressed, coming up at an amble. When he reached the adventurer, the latter rose, bowed respectfully, and assisted him to dismount.

"Ouf!" the stout man said, with a sight of relief, "what a confounded ride!"

"Well," the bandit replied with a grin, "you must blame yourself, Don Rufino, for you arranged it. May the fiend twist my neck if I would damage myself, no matter for what purpose, and ride across the plain at this hour of the day."

"Everybody is the best judge of his own business, Master Kidd," Don Rufino remarked, dryly, as he wiped his steaming face, with a fine cambric handkerchief."

"That is possible; but if I had the honor to be Don Rufino Contreras, enormously rich, and senator to boot, hang me if I would put myself out of my way to run after an adventurer like Master Kidd, whatever pleasure I might take at other times in the conversation of that worthy caballero."

The senator began laughing.

"Ha! ha! scoundrel; you have scented something."

"Hang it!" the bandit replied, impudently, "I do not deceive myself, and am well aware that whatever attractions my conversation may offer, you would not have come this distance expressly to hear it."

"That is possible, scamp. However listen to me."

"I can see from your familiarity that the job will be an expensive one; well, I do not dislike that way of entering upon the subject, for it forebodes a good business."

The senator shrugged his shoulders with ill-disguised contempt. "Enough of this," he said, "let us come to facts."

"I ask nothing better."

"Are you fond of money?"

"I certainly have a weakness for gold."

"Good. Would you hesitate about killing a man to earn it?"

"What do you mean?"

"I ask you, scoundrel, whether in a case of necessity you would kill a man for money?"

"I perfectly understood you."

"Then why make me repeat it?"

"Because your doubt is offensive to my feelings."

"How so?"

"Hang it, I fancy I speak clearly. Killing a man is nothing when you are well paid for it."

"I will pay well."

"Beforehand?"

"Yes, if you like."

"How much?"

"I warn you that the man I refer to is but a poor fellow."

"Yes, a poor fellow who is troublesome to you. Well, go on."

"One thousand piastres. Is that enough?"

"It is not too much."

"Confound it, you are expensive."

"That is possible; but I do my work conscientiously. Well, tell me who the man is that is in your way?"

"Jose Paredes."

"The majordomo at the Toro?"

"Yes."

"Do you know that he is not an easy man to kill? You must owe him a sore grudge, I suppose?"

"I do not know him."

The bandit looked in amazement at the speaker.

"You do not know him, and yet offer one thousand piastres for his death? Nonsense!"

"It is so."

"But you must have a reason. Carai, a man is not killed as one twists a fowl's neck. I know that, bandit though I am."

"You said it just now. He is in my way."

"That is different," the adventurer replied, convinced by this peremptory reason.

"Listen to me attentively, and engrave my words on your mind."

"Go on, senor. I will not lose a word."

"In two or three days the majordomo will leave for Hermosillo, carrying bills to a considerable amount."

"Good," the bandit said, rubbing his hands gleefully; "I will kill him as he passes, and take possession of the bills."

"No, you will let him go on in peace, and you will kill him on his return, when he has cashed the bills."

"That is true. Where the deuce was my head? That will be much better."

Don Rufino looked at him ironically.

"You will deliver to me the sum this man is the bearer of," he said.

The bandit gave a start of alarm.

"I suppose the sum is large?"

"Fifty thousand piastres."

"Viva Dios! Surrender such a fortune? I would sooner be burned alive."

"You must, though."

"Never, senor."

"Nonsense," the senator remarked, contemptuously. "You know you are in my hands. All the worse for you if you hesitate, for you will then lose two thousand piastres."

"You said one thousand."

"I made a mistake."

"And when will you give them to me?"

"At once."

"Have you the amount about you?"

"Yes."

Suddenly the bandit's eye gleamed with a sinister flash; he drew himself up, and leaped, knife in hand, upon the senator. But the adventurer had a powerful adversary. Don Rufino had long known the man he was treating with, and, while conversing, had not once taken his eye off, and attentively watched all his movements. Hence, though Kidd's action was so rapid, Don Rufino was before him; he seized his arm with his left hand, while with the right he placed a pistol to his chest."

"Hilloh, my master," he said, coldly, and with the most perfect tranquility, "are you mad, or has a wasp stung you?"

Abashed by his failure, the bandit gave him a savage look.

"Let me loose!"

"Not before you have thrown your knife away, scoundrel!"

Kidd opened his hand, the knife fell on the ground, and Don Rufino put his foot upon it.

"You are not half clever enough," he said, sarcastically; "you deserve to have your brains blown out, in order to teach you to take your measures better another time."

"I do not always miss my mark," he replied, with a menacing accent.

There was a moment of silence between the two men. Stronghand still watched them, not losing one of their words or gestures, which interested him to the highest degree. At length Don Rufino spoke.

"Have you reflected?" he asked the bandit.

"Of what?" the latter remarked, roughly; "of this proposal?"

"Yes."

"Well, I accept."

"But you understand," the senator continued, laying a stress upon every word, "you must deal frankly this time. No trickery, eh?"

"No, no," Kidd answered, with a shake of the head; "you may be sure of that."

"I reckon on your honesty. Moreover profit by what has occurred to-day. I am not always so good-tempered; and if a misunderstanding, like that just now again arose between us, the consequences might be very serious to you."

These few words were uttered with an intonation of voice, and accompanied by a look, that produced a profound impression on the bandit.

"All right," he said, shrugging his shoulders savagely; "there is no need to threaten, as all is settled."

"Very good."

"Where shall I come to you after the business?"

"Do not trouble yourself about that. I shall manage to find you."

"Ah!" he said, with a side glance; "then that is your affair?"

"Yes."

"Very good. Give me the money."

"Here it is. But remember, if you deceive me—"

"Nonsense," the bandit interrupted him. "Did I not tell you that it was all settled?"

The senator drew from his pocket a long purse, through whose meshes gold coins could be seen. He weighed it for an instant in his hand, and then threw it twenty paces from him.

"Go and fetch it," he said.

The bandit dashed at the gold, which as it fell produced a ringing sound. Don Rufino took advantage of this movement to get into his saddle.

"Good-by," he said to the bandit. "Remember!" and he started at a gallop. Kidd made no reply, for he was too busy counting the ounces contained in the purse.

"All right," he at last said, with a smile upon his features, as he hid the purse in his bosom. "No matter," he added, as he looked savagely after the senator, "I allow that I am in your power, demon; but if I ever had you in my hands as you had me to-day, and I manage to discover one of your secrets, I should not be so mad as to show you any mercy."

After this soliloquy the bandit went up to his horse, tightened the girths, and set out in his turn, but in a direction opposite to that which the senator had taken. So soon as he was alone, the hunter rose.

"Oh, oh!" he muttered, "that is a dark plot. That man cannot want to kill Paredes merely to rob him; it is plain that the blow is meant for the marquis. I will be on my guard."

We have already seen that the hunter religiously kept his promise.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Mar. 18, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a fair supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

OUR LETTERS.

Mrs. B., wife of one of our editorial brethren in Illinois, says:—

"We have many exchanges, but above all I prefer THE POST."

Mrs. B. also tells of her first meeting when a child with THE POST, wrapped around a bundle of dry goods, and how she whisked off unseen to the garret, and devoured every line over and over. It was the first whole newspaper she had ever seen.

F. D., of Friendship, Tennessee, says:—

"THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the most instructive and entertaining paper I have ever read."

Mrs. D. H., of Hesper, Iowa, says:—

"We thought we would have to get along without THE POST, but find it impossible."

Mrs. M. B., of Shiloh, Tennessee says:—

"I like THE POST very much, and do not like to be without it."

Mrs. H. M. M., of Ann Arbor, Michigan, in sending on a club of five, says:—

"I have read THE POST for 35 years. I am an old lady, or I would have sent on a larger club."

Mrs. C. D., of South Barre, Vermont, says:—

"The children often say they do not believe mother could keep house without THE POST."

Miss R. W., of Wilmington, Ohio, says:—

"I must have THE POST. The household is incomplete without it."

Mr. J. B., of Promise City, Iowa, says:—

"I and Mr. J. have taken THE POST for three years, and we expect to take it as long as we live."

Mrs. A. L. S., of Kennett, Missouri, says:—

"We are away down here in the swamps, with but little reading matter accessible, and can't do without THE POST. We all love it."

Mrs. A. E. W., of Fosters, Alabama, says:—

"You see I have changed my name, but I cannot change my paper. I feel perfectly lost without it."

J. P. W., of Vinton Station, Ohio, says:—

"Ever since I can remember some of our family have taken THE POST. I have taken several different papers, but THE POST is best of all."

☞ The New Orleans Directory was published with an error which cost the compiler much expense and trouble. It gave the name of a leading white citizen with the affix "colored."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DESCENT OF MAN, AND SELECTION IN RELATION TO SEX. By CHARLES DARWIN, M. A., F. R. S., etc. With Illustrations. In two volumes. Vol. I. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a volume which will be eagerly read by all those interested in what is generally known as the development hypothesis, of which Mr. Darwin is perhaps the ablest exponent. The object of this work, as the author states, is to consider, firstly, whether man, like every other species, is descended from some pre-existing form; secondly, the manner of his development; and thirdly, the value of the differences between the so-called races of men. To the solution of these questions, Mr. Darwin brings an amount of scientific information, which few men possess.

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE. By the author of "The Two Guardians," "Henrietta's Wish," etc. In two volumes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. A finely gotten-up edition of this well known novel.

WESTWARD BY RAIL: The new Route to the East. By W. F. RAE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. This is a description of a journey westward through the United States. It is written by an Englishman, and deals largely with the Mormon question, the Chinese, and other topics of interest.

THE LAKESIDE MONTHLY FOR MARCH contains "Carlstine Nilsson in America," "Something About Kansas," "Light from the Eclipse," "Pedestrianizing Among the Alps," "About Rattlesnakes," &c. Published by the Lakeside Publishing Co., 108 and 110 Dearborn street, Chicago.

WONDERFUL ESCAPES. Revised from the French by F. BERNARD, and original chapters added. By RICHARD WHITEING. With twenty-six plates. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. The illustrations which accompanies these stories, designed by Emile Bayard, are unusually fine.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY. American Edition. Contains "What we may Learn," "Frank Marshall," "Wake, England, Wake," "Narrative of the Red River Expedition, Concluded," and other stories and miscellaneous papers. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part for February. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. There is no journal which we prize more for the excellence of its articles and the beauty of its illustrations than Appleton's. The drawings descriptive of the Natural Bridge in Virginia, by Mr. Harry Fenn, are executed in the most artistic manner; and the scientific papers and biographical matter are of that high class which this magazine always gives us.

GOOD WORDS. Edited by NORMAN MCLEOD, D D. The March number contains "The Sylvesters," "George Heath, the Moorland Poet," "The Coulie," "Queer Jean," &c. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

OLD AND NEW for March contains "The United States of Europe," "A Country Girl at the Opera," "The Growth and Power of a Plant," "Pink and White Tyranny, continued," "Watching," "American Political Science," "A Valentine," and other good articles and poems. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January. American edition. Contains "France," "Lives of Rossini and Berlioz," "Morris's Earthly Paradise," "The Foreign Relations of China," "Langel's Problems of Nature and Life," "The Treaties of 1856 and 1867," and other interesting and valuable papers. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton St., New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

☞ The caucus of the Republican Senators at Washington voted to remove Senator Sumner of Massachusetts from the head of the committee of Foreign Relations and substitute Senator Cameron of Pennsylvania by a vote of 26 to 21. President Grant and Mr. Sumner do not see alike on several questions. The Senate confirmed the caucus action by a vote of 33 to 9.

☞ TRUTH.—We must not always speak all that we know—that were folly, but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is knavery. All a man can get by lying and dissembling is that he shall not be believed when he speaks the truth.—*Montague.*

☞ Terre Haute claims more banks than any other city of its size. One is a national, and the other thirteen or so are of the faro and keno varieties.

☞ At a town in Vermont there is a child but nine months old, who neither walks nor creeps but talks easily and distinctly.

☞ A French author, Terrail, when some friends were talking in his presence about the awfulness of 1870, said he was greatly pleased with the year. Astonished, they asked him why, and he answered: "Because nobody can hereafter tax Rocambole with improbability." Rocambole is one of his most extravagant works.

☞ Thus far about 6,000 women have petitioned Congress against woman suffrage, and doubtless 60,000 or 600,000 names could be sent in with very little effort.

☞ On the night of the 5th a family named Walker, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Walker and two children, living in McHenry county, a short distance north of Elgin, Ill., were found dead in their house. A letter was found explaining that the father and mother had given laudanum to their children and taken it themselves, and were happy in believing that they would go to their children in a better world. They were earnest spiritualists.

☞ To dodge the Civil Rights bill, the tickets issued for the New Orleans Opera House are inscribed: "Contract between the Opera Association of New Orleans and the holder of this ticket. It is agreed, and this ticket is sold with the understanding, that the controller shall have the right to refuse admission to or expel the holder thereof upon returning the regular price of the same."

☞ One of the last illustrations in the Charivari, signed "Cham," represents a crowd of Prussians carrying away in their hands, on their backs, and in baskets, all the clocks in France, and Cham remarks: "They may carry off all the clocks, but they will not prevent the hour of vengeance from striking."

☞ It is supposed that Adam was orthodox in his sentiments, because his wife was Eve-angelical.

The Murderer of Mr. Nathans.

The police of New York are desirous of finding a man by the name of Forrester, suspecting him of being the murderer of Mr. Nathans. The *New York World* says:—

By tracing his movements they learned that he was seen in this city (New York) the day of the murder, but had disappeared the day after. To find this man Forrester appeared for a long time simply impossible. Detectives were sent scouring the country in search of him, and all the clever detectives in various large cities of the United States were employed in hunting for him, but thus far without avail. On a number of occasions the detectives have been on his track, but he has managed to elude their vigilance, and he is still at large, for, says Superintendent Kelso, "he's the best hider in the country."

He has been traced from New York to Chicago, thence to St. Louis, from that place to Cincinnati, and even to New Orleans, but the police have not been able to put their hands on him. They have been foiled in every attempt to capture him, and are now at bay. As a last resort, finding that secrecy has not assisted them in securing the murderer, Superintendent Kelso has determined to give the matter the utmost publicity, and see whether this will effect the desired consummation. With this object in view, Superintendent Kelso has prepared a circular giving an accurate description of Forrester, and offering $2,500 reward for his capture and delivery in this city.

The following is a copy of the circular:

NEW YORK, February 25, 1871.

Twenty-five hundred dollars will be paid for the arrest and delivery at the office of the Superintendent of Police, in the City of New York, of Billy Forrester, alias Billy Marshall, alias Billy or Frank Campbell, alias Frank Livingstone, alias Frank Harding, alias Frank Howard.

PHOTOGRAPH OF FORRESTER.

Age, 35; height, five feet six inches; slim build, but tough and wiry, rather broad, square shoulders; weighs 140 pounds; rather long, spare face; black eyes, having a wild expression; high, square forehead; mouth narrow and corners drawn down, upper lip stands out a little; medium-sized, straight nose; straight black hair, cut short; heavy, black moustache, curls at the ends towards the mouth; sunken cheeks, but high cheek-bones; small, narrow feet; generally walks with his hands in his coat pockets; tooth out left upper jaw; bracelet in India ink on left wrist. JAMES J. KELSO,
Superintendent Police, City of New York.

A copy of this circular was sent to the chief of police of every city in the United States, to all the known detectives throughout the states, to the heads of the police departments in Great Britain and Ireland, accompanied by a note from Superintendent Kelso requesting their co-operation with him in finding the much sought-for Forrester.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LONDON, March 10.—The special correspondent of the London Telegraph at Paris reports, under date of March 9, that there is continual agitation on the part of the National Guards, who threaten to dissolve the National Assembly should it meet at Versailles. Gen. Vinoy is military commander of Paris, and threatens to bring a large force to bear against the National Guards. The Anti-German League in Paris grows rapidly in strength and members.

PARIS, March 10.—[Special to the N. Y. Herald.]—Thiers will soon dissolve the Assembly and appeal to the people to decide a future Government. Ducrot, Chanzy and Faidherbe are working for an empire. Bonapartist meetings in the provinces are numerous. Changarnier is seriously ill.

PARIS, March 10.—General Paladines yesterday received the officers of the National Guards of Belleville, who, at the conclusion of the interview, appeared satisfied with the General's Republican assurances. Nothing new has transpired in the Montmartre district.

A long train of cars, filled with German wounded returning home, was run into yesterday by a freight train, near Puteaux, on the Paris and Versailles Railroad. Nineteen passenger cars were broken to pieces. The number of killed and wounded is unknown.

TALKING AT TABLE.—"Is it proper to talk at table?" By all means. We are aware that some few consider it proper to observe perfect silence while at table. We do not know how such a horrible custom originated, yet we have a few times been a guest at such tables, but hope never to be again. The table is just the very place to talk, and the meal hours should be amongst the pleasantest of the day. Don't talk business and discuss what work shall be done after dinner, but give the time to social chat. This should not prolong the meal inconveniently, but there should be enough of it to prevent the common custom of rapid eating.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A poor little newsboy while attempting to jump from a city car, the other afternoon, fell under the car, and was fearfully mangled. As soon as the child could speak, he called piteously for his mother, and a messenger was sent at once to bring her to him.

When the bereaved woman arrived, she hung over the dying boy in an agony of grief.

"Mother," whispered he, with a painful effort, "I sold four newspapers—and—the money is in my pocket."

With the hand of death upon his brow, the last thought of the suffering child was for the poor, hard-working mother, whose burdens he was striving to lighten when he lost his life.

☞ It is said that while the Western and Southern members of Congress were angry and indignant because the young ladies of Washington threw beans at them during the carnival, the Massachusetts members quietly gathered as many as possible and took them home to bake.

☞ As one of the locomotives engaged in shifting cars at Portland, Me., was passing by the depot, recently, at the rate of ten miles an hour, a boy, coasting down State street, passed on his sled right under the locomotive, and, wonderful to relate, without sustaining the slightest injury. Several gentlemen saw the boy coming, but too late to arrest his progress, and turned their heads from what they feared would be a sickening sight. The superintendent from his window tried to attract the boy's attention, but in vain; in fact, the whole occurrence was as brief almost as a flash of lightning.

A Story of a Valentine.

"Now, doctor, there was a queer thing happened to a student in my class in the seminary. I don't suppose that you are much interested in a love story, but I would just like to tell you this one, because I think you dare not apply your woman's right principles to it in every part. Theories often fail when practically applied, you know."

"Go on, Hu, go on; I'd like to hear the story. And as for my principles, they'll bear applying anywhere," and the old doctor rubbed his hands together confidently.

"This friend of mine, Henry Gilbert," said Hu, "was like myself, poor. A long time ago, when he was a boy, the son of a poor widow, the lot on which he lived joined at the back the lot on which lived a Mr. Morton, at that time a thriving merchant, now the principal capitalist in that part of the country. As there was a back gate between the lots, my friend was the constant playmate from earliest childhood of Jennie Morton. He built her playhouses out of old boards, he moulded clay bricks for her use, and carved tiny toys out of pine blocks for her amusement. As he grew larger, and as Jennie's father grew richer, and came to live in greater style, Henry grew more shy. But by all the unspoken language of the eyes the two never failed to make their unchanging regard unknown to each other.

"Henry went to college early. At vacation-time the two met. But the growing difference in their social position could not but be felt. Jennie's friends were of a different race from his own. Her parents never thought of inviting him to their entertainments. And if they had, a rusty coat and a lack of money to spend on kid gloves would have effectually kept him away. He was proud. This apparent neglect stung him. It is true that Jennie Morton was all the more kind. But his quick and foolish pride made him fancy that he detected pity in her kindness. And yet all this made him determined to place himself in a position in which he could ask her hand as her equal. But you do not understand doctor, as I do, how irresistable is this conviction of duty in regard to the ministry. Under that pressure my friend settled it that he must preach. And now there was before him a good ten years of poverty at least. What should he do about it?

"In his extremity he took advice of a favorite theological professor. The professor advised him not to seek the hand of a rich girl. She would not be suited to the trials of a minister's life. But finding that Henry was firm in his opinion that this sound general principle did not in the least apply to this particular case, the professor proceeded to touch the tenderest chord in the young man's heart. He told him that it would be ungenerous, and in some sense dishonorable for him to take a woman delicately brought up into poverty and trial, incident to a minister's life. If you understood, sir, how morbid his sense of honor is, you would not wonder at the impression this suggestion made upon him. To give up the ministry was in his mind to be a traitor to God. To win her, if he could, was to treat ungenerously her whose happiness was dearer to him a thousand times than his own."

"I hope he did not give her up," said the doctor.

"Yes, he gave her up, in a double spirit of mediæval self-sacrifice. Looking towards the ministry, he surrendered his love as some of the old monks sacrificed love, ambition, and all other things to conscience. Looking at her happiness, he sacrificed his hopes in more than kindly devotion for her welfare. The knights sometimes gave their lives. He gave more.

"For three years he did not trust himself to return to his home. But having graduated and settled himself for nine months over a church, there was no reason why he shouldn't go to see his mother again. And once in the village, the sight of the old school-house and the church revived a thousand memories that he had been endeavoring to banish. The garden walks, and especially the apple-trees, that are the most unchangeable of landmarks, revived the old passion with undiminished power. He paced his room at night. He looked out at the new house of his rich neighbor. He chafed under the restraint of his vow not to think again of Jennie Morton. It was the old story of the monk who thinks the world subdued, but who finds it all at once about to assume the mastery of him. I do not know how the struggle might have ended, but it was all at once stopped from without.

"There reached him a rumor that Jennie was already the betrothed wife of a Colonel Pearson, who was her father's partner in business. And indeed Colonel Pearson went in and out of Mr. Morton's gate every evening, and the father was known to favor his suit.

"Jennie was not engaged to him, however. Three times she had refused him. The fourth time, in deference to her father's wishes, she had consented to 'think about it' for a week. In truth Henry had been home ten days and had not called upon her, and all the weary waiting seemed in vain. When the colonel's week was nearly out she heard that Henry was to leave in two days. In a sort of desperation she determined to accept Colonel Pearson without waiting for the time appointed for her answer. But that gentleman spoiled it all by his own overconfidence.

"For when he called, after Jennie had determined on this course, he found her so full of kindness that he hardly knew how to behave with moderation. And so he fell to flattering her, and flattering himself at the same time that he knew the ins and outs of a girl's heart, he complimented her on the many offers she had received.

"'And I tell you what,' he proceeded, 'there are plenty of others that would lay their heads at your feet, if they were only your equals. There's that young parson, Gilbert, I think they call him, that is visiting his mother, in the unpainted and threadbare looking little house that stands behind this one. I've actually seen that fellow, in his rusty, musty coat, stop and look after you on the street, and every night when I go home, he is sitting at the window that looks over this way. The poor fool is in love with you. Only think of it! And I chuckle to myself when I see him, and say, "Don't you wish you could reach so high!" I declare its funny!'

"In that one speech, Colonel Pearson dashed his chances to pieces. He could not account for the sudden return of winter in Jennie Morton's manner. And all his sunshine was powerless to dispel it, or to bring back the least approach of spring.

"Poor Jennie! You can imagine, doctor, how she paced the floor all that night. She began to understand something of the courage of Henry Gilbert's heart, and some thing of the manliness of his motives. All night long she watched the light burning in the room in the widow's house; and all night long she debated the matter until her head ached. She could reach but one conclusion: Henry was to leave the day after to-morrow. If any communication should ever be opened between them, she must begin it. It was as if she had seen him drifting away forever, and must throw him a rope. I think even such a woman's-rights man as yourself would hardly justify her, however, in taking any step of the kind."

"I certainly should," said the doctor.

"But she could not find a way—she had no rope to throw. Again the colonel, meaning to do anything else but that, opened the way. At the breakfast-table the next morning she received from him a magnificent valentine. All at once she saw her method. It was St. Valentine's day. The rope was in her hand. Excusing herself from breakfast she hastened to her room.

"To send a valentine to the faithful lover was the uppermost thought. But how? She dare not write her name, for after all, she might offend his prejudices or his pride by so direct an approach. She went to fumbling a drawer for stationery. She drew out a little pine boat that Henry had whittled for her many years before. He had named it 'Hope,' but the combined wisdom of the little boy and girl could not succeed in spelling the name correctly. And here was the little boat that he had given, saying often afterward that it was the boat they were going to sail in some day. The misspelt name had been the subject of many a laugh between them. Now—but I mustn't be sentimental.

"It did not take Jennie long to draw an exact likeness of the little craft. And that there might be no mistake about it, she spelled the name as it was on the side of the boat:

'HOAP.'

"There was not another word in the valentine. Sealing it up, she hurried out with it, and dropped it in the post-office. No merchant, sending all his fortune to sea in one frail bark, ever watched the departure and trembled for the result of venture as she did. Spain did not pray half so fervently when the invincible Armada sailed. It was an unuttered prayer—an unutterable prayer. For heart and hope were the lading of the little picture-boat that sailed out that day, with no other wind but her wishes in its sails.

"She sat down at her window until she saw Henry Gilbert pass the next street corner on his morning walk to the post-office. Three minutes after, he went home, evidently in a great state of excitement, with her valentine open in his hand. After awhile he went back again towards the post-office, and returned. He had taken a reply!

"Jennie again sought the office. There were people all around with those hideous things they call comic valentines open in their hands. And they actually seemed to think them funny! She had a reply. It did not take her long to find her room and to open it. There was another picture of a boat, but the name on its side read 'Despair.' And these words were added:—'*Your boat is the pleasantest, but understanding that there was no vacant place upon it, I have been obliged to take passage in this.*' Slowly the meaning forced itself upon her. Henry had fears that she whom he thought engaged was coquetting with him. I think, doctor, you will hardly justify her in proceeding further with the correspondence?"

"Why not? Hasn't a woman as much right to make herself understood in such a matter as a man? And when the social advantages are on her side the burden of making the advances often falls upon her. Many women do it indirectly and are not censured."

"Well, you know, I'm conservative, doctor, but I'm glad you're consistent. She did send another valentine. I am afraid she strained this figure of speech about the boat. But when every thing in the world depends on one metaphor, it will not do to be fastidious. Jennie drew again the little boat with misspelt name. And this time added five words: '*The master's place is vacant!*'

"And quite late in the afternoon, the reply was left at the door: *I am an applicant for the vacant place, if you will take that of master's mate.*'"

"Good" cried the doctor; "I always advocated giving women every liberty in these matters."

"But I will stump you yet, doctor," said Hubert. "That evening Gough was to lecture in the village, and my friend went, not to hear Gough, but to see Miss Jennie Morton at a distance. Somehow in the stupefaction of revived hope he had not thought of going to the house to see her yet. He had postponed his departure and had thrown away his scruples. Knowing how much opposition he would have to contend with, he thought, if he thought at all, that he must proceed with caution. But some time after the lecture began he discovered the Morton family without Jennie! Slowly it dawned upon him. She was at home waiting for him. He was near the front of the church in which the lecture was held and every inch of aisle was full of people. To get out was not easy. But as he thought of Jennie waiting it became a matter of life and death. If the house had been on fire he would not have been more intent on making his exit. He reached the door, he passed the happiest evening of his life, only to awake to sorrow, for Jennie's father is 'dead set' against the match."

"He has no right to interfere," said the doctor, vehemently. "You see I stand by my principles."

"But if I tell the story out I am afraid you would not," said Hubert.

"Why, isn't it done?"

"I beg your pardon, doctor, for having used a little craft. I had much at stake. I have disguised this story in its details. But it is true. I am the hero——"

The doctor looked quickly towards his daughter. Her head was bent low over her book. Her long hair hung about it like a curtain, shutting out all view of the face. The doctor walked to the other window and looked out. Hubert sat like a mummy. After a minute Dr. Hood spoke.

"Cornelia!"

She lifted a face that was aflame. Tears glistened in her eyes, and I doubt not there was a prayer in her heart.

"You are a brave girl. I had other plans. You have a right to choose for yourself. God bless you both. But it's a great pity Hu is not a lawyer. He pleads so well." So saying he put on his hat and walked out, leaving the young minister and his betrothed alone.

☞ Children are oftener "crammed" than educated at public schools.

A Number of Bulls.

What is a bull? The best definition we have heard is: When you see twelve cows lying down on the grass, and one of them standing up, that is a bull.

"How is your husband this morning, Mrs. Quiggs?" "Why, the doctor says as how if he lives till morning he shall have some hopes of him; but if he don't he must give him up."

An Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By my sowl, an' that's a good idea! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime!"

An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time, but didn't like the country. "I was sick all the time I was there," said he; "and if I had lived there till this time I'd been dead a year ago!"

It was at the dinner of an Irish association that the following toast was given: "Here's to the president of the society—Patrick O'Rafferty; an' may he live to eat the chicken that scratches over his grave."

Sir Roche once said, in reference to several persons, all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants, that "it seemed to be hereditary in the family to have no children."

The author of a recent work on India defends the climate of that country, which, he says, is principally dangerous to persons who do not take proper care of themselves; and, in illustration of this fact, he quotes the remark of this Irish gentleman in reference, to Europeans in India: "They eat and drink, they think and they eat, and then they die, and then they write home to say that the climate has killed them!"

How the London Times was Sent to Paris.

The long columns of announcements in the London Times, intended for friends in Paris have been a frequent subject of remark, and people have wondered what chance there was of their ever reaching the eyes for which they were meant. The means adopted for this purpose are explained in the Times of January 30th:

"Those pages of the paper which contained communications to relatives in Paris were photographed with great care by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company on pieces of thin and almost transparent paper, about an inch and a half in length by an inch in width. On these impressions there could be seen by the naked eye only two legible words, the Times, and six narrow brown bands representing the six columns of printed matter forming a page of the newspaper. Under the microscope, however, the brown spaces became legible, and every line of the newspaper was found to have been distinctly copied, and with the greatest clearness. The photographs were sent to Bordeaux for transmission, thence by carrier pigeons to Paris. When received there, they were magnified by the aid of a magic-lantern to a large size and thrown upon a screen. A staff of clerks immediately transcribed the messages and sent them off to the places indicated by the advertisers."

☞ Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessor, so much as they bring duties.

☞ The horses attached to a heavily-loaded stage, containing a number of school-girls on their way home for the Spring vacation, were frightened at the depot in Hartford, last Friday morning, during the temporary absence of the driver, and dashed rapidly down the street. Three of the girls occupied seats on top of the vehicle, back of the driver's, and one of them, described as a maiden of slight frame and graceful demeanor, crept along over the roof to the driver's seat, descended to the box, bent down and picked up the reins, pulled sharply and strongly upon them, and stopped the frightened horses and averted what might have been a terrible accident. When the driver came up she handed him the reins, remarking that she knew that something had got to be done, and that she saw no one else to do it.

☞ Look not mournfully into the past. it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present: it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow's "Hyperion."*

☞ Mrs. President Madison, certes one of the most brilliant women who have graced Washington society, used to expend a thousand dollars per annum on turbans. She wore one to her latest day, long after wearing turbans had ceased to be the fashion. These turbans were made of the finest material, and trimmed to match her various dresses. Her old servant speaks of one of her dresses of purple velvet with a long train trimmed with wide gold-lace, with which she wore a turban also ornamented with gold-lace, and a pair of gold shoes. With a white satin dress she wore a turban spangled with silver, and silver shoes.

☞ Charitable ladies in the metropolis, when getting up fairs, send circulars to gentlemen whom they desire as patrons, informing them that they are expected to take so many tickets, and that, unless they write to the contrary, the tickets will be sent them. That's a dreadful custom.

☞ A milk dealer in Maine is the fortunate possessor of an exceedingly intelligent horse and dog. He obtains a portion of the milk he sells from a neighbor living about half a mile distant. Each day he harnesses his horse to the milk wagon, puts in the cans, and throws the reins over the dasher. His large Newfoundland dog then steps into the wagon, and the horse starts for his destination. Reached there, the dog announces the arrival, the cans are filled, the horse turns carefully around and trots home. The animals have conducted the milk business on this principle for some time past, and have never yet met with an accident.

☞ The widow of Nathaniel Hawthorne died in Kensington, England, on Sunday, Feb. 20. She, too, was a writer; and she excelled as an artist. She was the editor of her husband's famous note-books, and devoted the years of her widowhood in preparing them for the press.

☞ A philosophical individual, who suddenly sat down on a slippery sidewalk in Milwaukee, disarmed the usual ridicule incident to accidents of that character by coolly taking a cigar out of his pocket and lighting it before getting up.

☞ Parables were devised and used for a double purpose, and, which is more strange, even for an opposite purpose. For parables serve as a cloak and covering; and they moreover serve as a light and illustration.—*Lord Bacon.*

☞ The assistant aldermen of New York are said to be in the habit of loaning their official badges to their friends "to secure them free admission to prize-fights and other entertainments."

Gen. Sheridan and the King of Italy.

Gen. Sheridan has been feted in the most extensive possible style in Florence by the bluff King of Italy, who gave him a grand dinner, to which eighty guests were invited. All present were in full uniform, and behind each guest stood a servant gorgeously draped. The table service of the occasion was that sculptured by Benvenuto Cellini. It was altogether in gold and silver—no china being upon the table. The flowers, lights, and other decorations were in accordance with the service. Bands of music were placed so as to enliven, without drowning, the conversation. Gen. Sheridan, as the honored guest, was placed at the King's right hand, and his majesty seemed greatly to enjoy his presence. In the conversation held in the morning, when the General was presented, he mentioned to the King that on one of his hunting expeditions he had killed two grizzly bears, one of which weighed a thousand pounds. The King fairly leaped in his chair; all his hunter blood was on fire in a moment. The General, with characteristic modesty, instantly added, "Oh, that was nothing, for on the Pacific Railroad we might shoot a bear from the window of the cars"—a remark which did not weaken Victor Emanuel's interest in the land which produced such men—and such bears.

☞ We are told that there is nothing made in vain. But how about a pretty young girl? Isn't she maiden vain?

☞ A lawyer's clerk wants to know if a cross-examination can be a good-natured one?

☞ The curious fact, that a needle or other steel wire inserted in a living body will immediately become oxidized, while, if the body be dead, inoxidation will take place, was recently brought to light by Dr. Laborde of Paris. This is a simple test as to whether death has taken place, and will be available in all cases of trance or catalepsy.

☞ A Washington reporter, in commenting on the democratic character of General Sherman's receptions, says: "Any gentleman with a paper collar and mittens on can go in."

☞ When Crabb Robinson visited the Moravians he "heard nothing about belief, but a great deal about love."

☞ The present Indian population of the United States consists of about 295,400 souls.

☞ The plot of the new city park of San Francisco has been completed. The park is situated west of Love Mountain, and contains seventeen natural lakes and two hills. One of the hills is 344 feet high, and the other 412 feet.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—12,000 bbls Penna extra family sold at prices ranging from $5,50@5,75 for superfine; $6,00@6,50 for extra; $6,50@7 for Penna extra family; $6,75@7,75 for Northwest extra family; $6,75@7,75 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8@9,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $5,87½@6 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—12,000 bus sold at $1,45@1,50 for Penna red; $1,62@1,65 for Ohio red; $1,62@1,65 for Indiana red; $1,60@1,62 for Penna amber; $1,75@1,85 ₱ bus for white. Rye—Sales at $1,05@1,06. Corn—Sales of 35,000 bus at 80@81c for yellow and 79@80c for Western mixed. Oats—Sales of 50,000 bus at 62@65c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of mess Pork at $22,50; clear at $24, and extra prime at $18. Mess Beef at $19,50@23 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams may be quoted at $26@28 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 16@17c; Excelsior hams at 17c; sides at 12½@13c, and shoulders at 10½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 13½@14½c; sides at 11@11½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8½c. Lard—Sales of 200 bbls and tierces at 13@12½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 12@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 22@30c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 27@29c ₱ dozen. Cheese sells at 16@17c ₱ lb.

COTTON—300 bales of middlings sold at 14½@15c ₱ lb for upland, and 15@15½c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—No 1 Quercitron at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark from $16@22 ₱ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 22@24½c ₱ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@8c for Apples, and 12@14c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $6@7 ₱ bbl. Cranberries sell at $10@12 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₱ 100 lbs, $1,05@1,10; mixed do, 80@90; straw, $1@1,10.

HOPS—Sales at 5@10c.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of 600 tons of No 1 at $24 50; 500 tons of No 2 sold at $23; and Grey Forge at $21 ₱ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $28@30 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—*Cloverseed*—2000 bus sold, at 11@11½c ₱ lb. Timothy at $6@6,25. Flaxseed at $2@2,10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 4@8½c ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 75 ₱ head. Sheep—12 000 head were disposed of at from 5@6c ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10 to $11,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"Our Grover & Baker Machine has had constant service for the past eight years, during which time, as a family sewer, we have neither seen no heard of its equal for simplicity in construction and neatness, with great durability of stitch. 'Witching,' as applied to other machines by our neighbors, is with us unknown."

H. M. WARREN, Scranton, Pa.

What is Dyspepsia? The Question Settled.

Two young medical students were disputing the other day at the house of a mutual friend, as to the nature of dyspepsia. One said the primary cause was a diseased liver; the other insisted that the disease originated in the epigastrium. "I can tell you what dyspepsia is, for I've been there," observed the host, laughingly. "Well," said one of the young medicos, "let's have your opinion." "Dyspepsia," said he, "is a complaint that you *can't relieve*, and that PLANTATION BITTERS *cures in six weeks!*" The person who made this remark resides at 198 Greenwich avenue, and his name is Martin W. Myers.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

PSYCHOMANCY.—Any lady or gentleman can make $1,000 a month, secure their own happiness and independence, by obtaining PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, or SOUL-CHARMING. 400 pages; cloth. Full instructions to use this power over man or animals of will; how to Mesmerize, become Trance or Writing Mediums, Divination, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Dreams and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to Marriage, &c., all contained in this book; 100,000 sold; price by mail, in cloth $1,25, paper covers $1. NOTICE.—Any person willing to act as agent will receive a sample copy of the work free. As no capital is required, all desirous of genteel employment should send for the book, enclosing 10 cts. For postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

nov19-6teow.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*

nov26-6m

Good Soap, Like Good Wine, is Improved by Age.—Among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii soap was found in a good state of preservation, after having been buried over 1700 years.

A box of soap in a family is better than "*money at interest,*" as when from three to six months old, one pound will go further than three pounds of new soap.

Ask your grocer for a box of CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP, and if he does not keep it, send your order to CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front street, New York. Liberal commission to clubs.

oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Cheering Facts for the Billious.

Every day demonstrates more clearly that liver complaint, in all its distressing forms, can be controlled and cured without difficulty or inconvenience. It is an obstinate disease, but its obstinacy is not proof against the pertinacious, remedial and restorative operation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. That genial corrective *compels the organ to do its duty.* It *must* secrete regularly and healthfully under the influence of the Bitters. Their action brings it back from a state of rebellion into perfect harmony with the laws of health. If there is costiveness, it disappears; if there is side-ache or back ache, it ceases; if the skin and the whites of the eyes are tinged with superfluous bile, they recover their natural hue; if the appetite is gone, it returns; if the digestion is impaired, it is restored; in brief, whatever the symptoms of the complaint may be and whatever the phase it has assumed, *a cure is certain.* Such are the uniform effects of this preparation where billious disease has been already developed; but in cases where there is merely a constitutional tendency to liver complaint, it may be prevented throughout life by the regular use, in small quantities, of this palatable antidote. These are proven facts, and should be seriously pondered—or, rather, they should be promptly acted upon—by all persons of billous habit. mh4-4t

CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.

Address, Dr. T. F. BURT, 737 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-12t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York. jan7-3m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the *Face*, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th of Feb., by the Rev. J. Duhamell, Mr. GEO. W. RICHMOND to Miss ESTHER J. ALBRIGHT, both of this city.

On the 15th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GEO. MCCARDDY to Miss MARY J. CUSICK, both of this city.

On the 16th of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. THOMAS MONCOMB to Miss ALICE BOWLEY, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JOSEPH W. HOWLAND to Miss MARY A. EVANS, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, D. D., Mr. JOHN HARRISON to Miss MARY AGNES WILSON, all of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. C. P. Marden, Mr. THOS. DE WEIR to Miss ANNIE J. MONTGOMERY, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JOHN J. BISHMAN to Mrs. ELLA E. GODFREY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st, LOUIS F. ADAMS, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 1st instant, JOHN W. SCOTT, in the 49th year of his age.

On the 1st instant, HESTER WHITECAR, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 2d instant, THOMAS G. CHASE, M. D., in the 76th year of his age.

On the 3d instant, JANE E. DURHAM, in the 20th year of her age.

On the 4th instant, JOHN CLAY, in the 67th year of his age.

On the 4th instant, WM. H. VANHORN, in the 43d year of his age.

On the 1st instant, Miss ANNIE LAPP, in the 21st year of her age.

On the 3d instant, GEORGE CREASER, in the 57th of his age.

On the 6th instant, KEZIAH SHEPPARD, in the 64th year of her age.

On the 4th instant, GEO. M. RIEHL, in the 25th year of his age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW,

By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in The Post of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of The Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of The Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

Death.

The following is an extract from a recent funeral address by Rev. Dr. Bellows:

But what would external nature, looked at physically, be able to accomplish without death? Is not the whole vegetable mould, that makes the earth green and fruitful every spring, the grave of decayed and dead plants? Why does nature send a million apple blossoms forth in the spring, where she expects only a thousand apples in the autumn, except to make those thousand apples sure? Should the tree ripen every blossom it puts forth, it would die of exhaustion its first season. Had it only as many blossoms as expected fruits, the wind and rain would beat most of them off, and leave us without a harvest. Nature is profuse of life, because life by its very nature is and must be precarious, and death is the very measure of its necessary uncertainty, but also the very means by which its own ravages are repaired. There is no waste in nature, spite of its profusion. Death disappoints this or that prospect of life in the vegetable or animal kingdom, but it helps to maintain the life of each species, and nature is careful rather for the class than the individual. It is known to naturalists that death favors the improvement of every vegetable and animal race by continually renewing its youth, weeding out what is less vigorous and less fitted to contend with the rivals or enemies of its existence, and so continually perfecting God's earthly creation.

Walking.

BY DIO LEWIS, M. D.

I have studied the subject of exercise for twenty years. I have invented a system of gymnastics, which has been introduced into nearly all the schools in America, into most of the English gymnasia, and was introduced into the schools of Berlin a few years ago, with public ceremonies.

I have been the recipient of honorable testimonials from American colleges, many important educational bodies, and from many sources in England and Germany.

Please excuse this parade. My object in making these statements, is to give a just emphasis to an opinion which I wish now to express. It is this—that *walking*, when *properly managed*, is the best of all exercises. None of the artificial exercises can be compared with it. Every important muscle works actively in walking. Notice an active walker. See how every part works—legs, hips, arms, shoulders—the man works all over. Brisk walking gives even the upper half of the body fine play. Then walking costs nothing. You are not obliged to join a class, and employ a teacher. Again, walking takes you into the open air and sunshine, while in gymnastics you are in the dusty atmosphere of a hall; and it is not a small advantage that in walking you enjoy a succession of changing scenes—suggestions of new thought. And walking with a friend, the conversation may be interesting and instructive. All this may be found in natural and active walking.

Misery of an Aimless Life.

It is the lack of object, of all aim, in the lives of the houseless wanderers that gives to them the most terrible element of their misery. Think of it! To walk forth with, say, ten shillings in your pocket—so that there need be no instant suffering from want of bread or shelter—and have no work to do, no friend to see, no place to expect you, no duty to accomplish, no hope to follow, no bourn to which you can draw nigher, except that bourn which, in such circumstances, the traveller must surely regard as simply the end of his weariness! But there is nothing to which humanity cannot attune itself. Men can live upon poison; can learn to endure absolute solitude; can bear contumely, scorn and shame, and never show it.

☞ A man attempted recently to steal a ride in a freight car on the Union Pacific railroad. His presence, of course, not being known, the car was locked and he was kept a prisoner for five days without food or drink, until the car arrived at Omaha. When found his feet and legs were frozen solid.

☞ A man was recently informed, just before his marriage, that his bride had fallen heir to $300,000, but he let the ceremony go on just the same.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

If you go over desert and mountain,
  Far into the country of sorrow,
  To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And may be for months and for years,
  You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
    For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
  For pitcous lamenting and sighing,
  For those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
  Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
  And statues that cover their faces:
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion,
  So gently and lovely and listless,
  And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who has suffered and hears—
  You shall surely, without a word spoken,
  Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
  Your face, as though some one had kissed you:
  Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought—if that cheers:
  Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
  May pass for a tender word spoken:
Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
  Brim over, and baffle resistance,
  And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years,
  Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
  And leave you no past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

Women Fascinating Women.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We often see in the opposite sexes, the most unaccountable attachments arise; sometimes not reciprocated, sometimes unlawful; women with apparently affectionate and compatible partners and lovely children, desert home and kindred, brave scandal and disgrace, and sacrifice the purest and most holy relation instituted among men, for a blinding passion, without excuse or show of reason; when often the object of such a passion is most unlovely, and there is something so glaringly incongruous in the attachment of the two, that it is rendered shocking from that cause alone.

Much less dangerous in its results, but probably of like origin, is this fascination of women by women, already treated of in your columns; and it may arise from either of two causes:—

First—The concurrent influence of that subtle agent, which attracts bodies of matter, and which has a no less influence on certain qualities of mind, commonly called sympathy—but more powerful, as it contains the power of subjection, as well as attraction.

Milton says—

"Or sympathy or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite,
With secret amity, things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance."

When certain qualities of mind, nameless because differing entirely in different persons come in contact, this sympathy or "secret conveyance" becomes magnetism, in which the stronger—perhaps in only one quality, attracts, then subjects, sometimes unconsciously, the weaker.

It is held by some that magnetism is an attribute of the physical organization alone, but that cannot be, as matter is inorganic of itself, and the physical only the servant of the intellectual. And we sometimes see persons of delicate material possess this magnetising power to an astonishing degree.

The most beautiful sentiments fall from the lips of the lecturer, cold and powerless except sent out on this invisible current, which makes them charm the audience and hold it spell-bound.

This is the medium through which the great revivalist works in communities, at stated seasons, and of the influence exerted over others by the gentleman flirt, and the lady coquette.

Second—This fascination of women by women is sometimes the result of derangement. It may be lunacy, and only appear under certain conditions of physical health, when the forces which feed and sustain the mind are impaired, or it may appear under certain phases of the moon, as eminent physicians say insanity grows better and worse in some cases, as influenced by the moon.

We know that the ardent passion of some men for women, and *vice versa*, if unrequited, occasionally induces the loving one to murder the object of affection; and then culprit, friends, judge and jury plead "*insanity*."

At present, with our limited facilities and imperfect knowledge of science, as related to human nature, we can perhaps offer no better mode of cure for the first phase than can be found in change. Let it be total and complete—climate, occupation, association. This will entirely change the nature of the renewal of physical life, which is constantly going on, and give healthy food to the mind, which must grow in some direction, and which, if nourished by new scenes and friendships, and withdrawn wholly from the magnetising current may outgrow its influence.

For the second, the best medical advice should be followed, and as the case would merely be insanity, there should be a removal to a hospital designed for the cure of mind maladies, where those who have made this disease, in all its different causes and effects, their life study, are able to allow just the proper degree of restraint and liberty to judge symptoms and foresee crises which we might not foresee, and which might consequently end in disastrous results.

How many sad hearts and desolate homes are made by young girls becoming fascinated by men who are unfit to mate with pure women, who are socially, intellectually and morally their inferior!

And why should it be so surprising that this power is felt between persons of the same sex?

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and when mothers attain the right standard of excellence, this trouble will be greatly abated. Their daughters will have a healthy physical life, which is the groundwork of the best culture, a more correct estimate of woman's rights and duties than exists in these days of mixed extremes, the component parts of their brains will be more equally balanced and more thoroughly developed; men will be compelled to purify their lives and ascend to a higher moral status to be recognized by women who will demand purity for purity, excellence for excellence; then these weak points of intellect, these morbid fancies will be gone; the magnetizer powerless, the lunacy vanished, and both friendships and marriages be formed upon a truer, higher basis.

LUCERN ELLIOTT.

Self-Support.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Are women to be blamed for their ineptitude? The trouble is that they are where they do not belong. They cannot see where business lies, because they were not born with business eyes. A few women succeed. They have an exceptional fondness and fitness for traffic, and they buy and sell and get gain as readily as men, and do not necessarily lose any grace for their worldly wisdom; but women in general have no capacity for business. It hurts them; it annoys them. They are ill at ease. They instinctively make everything a matter of feeling. They are constantly, if unconsciously, referring everything to the standard of chivalry. They think trade ought to take off its hat as deferentially as courtesy. They are worn out doubly by the wear and tear of the struggle and by the unnaturalness of such wear and tear. What says Miss Mitford—that brave and blameless lady, who upbore out of the ruin of the home which himself had wantonly destroyed a worthless and wicked father? "Women were not meant to earn the bread of a family. I am sure of that; there is a want of strength."

All that can be done for women is to help them do as well as possible what they never can do well, but what it is absolutely necessary they should do somehow. The organization of woman makes it improbable that she will ever become, to any large extent, a tiller of the soil; but the Horticultural School established in Boston most wisely offers to women an opportunity for thorough education in the theory and practice of horticulture. It aims to choose that part of agriculture most suited for women, and to substitute trained, skillful, well-directed labor for untrained, clumsy, and spasmodic effort. We may admit that women can never equal men in trade or commerce; but, because many women are born to self-support, and because all women may be reduced to self-support, he who founds a college to teach women the arts of trade and commerce confers a real benefit. A woman thoroughly trained to the occupation of type-setting or hair-dressing may be inferior to the thoroughly trained male printer or barber; but she has a great advantage over the untrained woman. That she is less deft than a man is no reason why she should not be as deft as a woman can be; and I fancy her best is far beyond the masculine average. So the objections raised to these schemes—that they tend to take women away from their homes—is not only futile, but fatuous. Women are out of their homes already. It is not a question whether their life shall be domestic or mercantile and mechanical. It is whether they shall be intelligently and lucratively mechanical, or awkwardly, unprofitable, and fatally so. Were it otherwise, did the choice lie between self-support and man-support—coming, of course, naturally and, therefore, honorably—there would be but one answer. And here is where I branch off from the woman's rights reform. If I understand it, the leaders teach the absolute worth and desirableness of manual labor to woman. They say (I quote from one of their prominent journals): "Women should earn their living. This is the first spring to action. Girls should be reared, like boys, to depend upon themselves for support. Self-support . . . . creates a self-respect which nothing else can confer. No true happiness is found in dependence. No true life is consistent with it."

Thus it puts men and women on the same plane. It counts pecuniary independence equally incumbent on and pecuniary dependence equally degrading to both sexes. It demands entrance for woman into all departments of labor not as the remedy of an evil, but as the fulfillment of a mission. I do not know how strongly enough to express my dissent. I think the necessity of earning her own living is always a woman's misfortune. She who must support herself in order to respect herself is a very inferior sort of woman. Indeed, so far as regards any conception of her part in the economy of life, she is no woman at all. Probably her instinct overbears her intellect, and she is nineteen-twentieths more a woman than she would make herself out to be.

Pecuniary dependence, degrading to men, is not only not undignified, but is the only thoroughly dignified condition for women. In a renovated and millennial society all women will be supported by men—will have no more to do with bringing in money than the lilies of the field.

It is the misfortune of our age to be as yet far removed from that day; but to imagine it, and then call it degrading is altogether intolerable. Says a woman's paper.

"The intervening years (between girlhood and marriage) are replete with dependence, conventional, honorable, but still grinding dependence; chained to one house, to one round of duties, one constant claim of service. If claimed in love, it is well. [This seems to be inconsistent with a subsequent assertion.] If claimed as payment for benefit received, it is a fraud upon her time, her thought, and purpose in life. Win no will save her father's and no benefits save of his conferring, and no privilege save of his indulgence, she and her mother are serfs—loving and beloved, petted and indulged, caressed, and flattered, it may be, but serfs notwithstanding.

"When the girl prefers to risk all and help herself, desiring a little means of her own earning, it is regarded as a direct reproach to her father. It is regarded as a still greater reproach to the husband when the wife aims at self-dependence. 'Can't that man support his wife?' is the everywhere urged question."

Surely, this is wild writing. An artist might as well sketch the outline of Heaven and label it Hell. What meaning have words to the mind that call a "loving and beloved, petted and indulged, caressed and flattered" wife or daughter a serf? The cause must be hard pushed for grievance which finds such a state of things a grievance. We will admit that, technically, legally, the husband and father has the right of eminent domain. He is a citizen, wife and daughter or not. Actually, also, if he is a wrong-headed or bad-hearted man, he may be an intolerable tyrant. There are men so persistent of will, so feeble or twisted in intellect, that never so superior a wife can only manage them—can never thoroughly subdue or renew them—Scanlans who conquer by their very weakness. But there are also female Scanlans, and no law can be framed to touch them. Civil codes may reach a state of absolute perfection, doing equal and entire justice to man and woman, and a husband will still be able to hector his wife to death, and the wife her husband; and, as between the two, one is inclined to think she does it best. A woman has rather more power to make a home steadily and unmitigatedly uncomfortable than has a man. But this writer is not speaking of petty tyrants. He expressly depicts a husband and father, able, willing, and longing to support and to cherish; loving and expressing love in all love's ways. To call wifehood to such a man serfdom is to denominate at random. If there is any serfdom about it, it is far more on the husband's side than on the wife's. There is no slavery so abject as the slavery of a man to the woman he loves. Abject, for it goes behind his will and possesses the whole man. And the more a man he is, the more strong and bright and free, the more thorough is his enthrallment. Woe to such an one if he falls into the hands of a weak, a frivolous, or an unworthy owner. Joy to him if his proprietor be a large natured woman; for then his completest thrall is his most exalted and divine freedom.

In every known sense of the word a woman owns the man who loves her more than he owns her. Her love is perhaps as great, but it is not so absorbing. She sees the situation where he sees only her. She is as strong as all his strength, because his strength is hers. With whatever of power or wisdom or renown he is endowed she also becomes possessed, and no enlargement of his borders diminishes one iota of his dependence upon her for the ability to enjoy them. If there is any difference, the supreme control, the court of last resort is hers.—*Independent.*

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

Her name shines not in bannered field,
  Where right and wrong so boldly war;
Nor rings her voice in any cause
  Which men and women battle for;
    Yet in her presence, subtle, sweet,
    You long to kneel and kiss her feet.

No wondrous romance wreaths her life;
  Nor hath she led a martyr train;
Nor beautiful nor rich is she,
  But poor, and—some would call her plain;
    Yet in her two dear eyes you see
    A beauty shining constantly.

No silken robe enfolds her form;
  Nor dainty leisure has her hands;
Her jewels are a simple ring;
  A ribbon binds her hair's smooth bands;
    Yet in her garments' simple grace
    Her soul's regality you trace.

No gift she has to shake and thrill
  A thankless world with warbled songs,
And art that wakes the ivory keys
  To other hands than hers belongs;
    Yet in her words of tender cheer
    A richer music charms the ear.

She walks in humble ways of life
  That lead oftimes through gloom and shade;
And cares and crosses, not a few,
  Are on her patient shoulders laid;
    Yet smiles and drinks each bitter cup,
    And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.

And homely ways she wreathes with grace,
  Harsh duty turns to loving zest;
And cheery hope and steadfast will
  Are at her side, in work and rest;
    Yet never dreams she you can spy
    The angel looking from her eye.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

Job—Snow-water—Stocks—Bags of Treasure—No Name, &c.

"If," said Job, "I wash myself with *snow-water*, and make my hands never so clean, yet shalt thou plunge me into the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me." Job ix. 30, 31. To the imaginative Oriental, the whiteness of snow suggests the idea of purity; and he readily concludes that its water is better suited to cleansing purposes than any other, while it whitens the skin and invigorates the system by preventing perspiration. Nor is this idea only of modern origin. Petronius speaks of the ancients preserving snow-water for personal ablution; and great care was taken to have it pure, and keep it as long as possible. Hence Job, admitting that he has sinned, and that God will not hold him innocent, complains of his own impotency to free himself from the pollutions of sin, comparing his efforts to do so to washing with *snow*-water, or that which would be most likely to remove the stains of guilt.

When, in chap. xii. 18, Job says of the Almighty, "He looseth the bonds of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle," he alludes, in this peculiarly Oriental form of speech, to the bonds that kings lay upon others, not those with which they are themselves bound; and he delineates the Supreme Majesty of Heaven as divesting earthly monarchs of their kingly authority, and then binding their loins, not with the royal girdle worn as an ornament or mark of dignity, but with the girdle that Oriental subordinates wear when engaged in the service of their masters. The whole paragraph, from v. 14 to 25, alludes to the vicissitudes of every condition in life, and expresses just as an Oriental of to-day would do, by a series of metaphors, the sovereign power of the Ruler of the Universe, and man's impotency when attempting to measure strength with his Creator, who "increaseth nations and destroyeth them" according to His own will. The speaker afterwards goes on, in the next chapter, to make a personal application of the subject to himself, as one *set in the stocks*, helpless in the hands of the executioner, and no longer able to offer any resistance to his will. By this figure of the stocks, Job seems to describe his own hedged-up path, as Orientals of the present day have many proverbial expressions on their peculiar punishment. A boy, for the first time sent to school, is said to be "put in the stocks"—a young man about to be married, will say jocosely to his friend, "Alas! I am about to be put in the stocks"—and a man in debt or difficulty of any kind, will bemoan himself as "set in the stocks"—sometimes adding in language strikingly like that of the text, "the guards are around my path, and a seal (or 'print') is put upon my feet," thus rendering the removal of the stocks impossible without detection. This seal or "print" was probably in former times placed on the slips of paper that were pasted over the opening of the stocks, just as the Chinese of these days do over the portable pillories that are worn for a given time around the necks of lesser criminals—the wearer being permitted to go at large during the day, though obliged to report himself to the officer every morning, while a heavy penalty is always attached to the breaking of the seal.

The remarkable language of chap. xiv. 17. "My transgression is sealed up in a bag, and thou sewest up mine iniquity" is strikingly Oriental in character; and is well illustrated by the modern custom of sewing up large sums of money in bags, to which an official seal is affixed, and then transferring them from hand to hand, without opening or recounting, unless it should be necessary to obtain part of the sum therein contained. Sheikhs, merchants and travellers who have use for large sums in their business, take this method of saving time and trouble in counting over the money at every transaction; and Job, figuratively of course, describes God as thus laying up his sins till the day of final reckoning.

In chap. xviii. 17, Bildad enumerating the calamities of the wicked says: "His remembrance shall perish from the earth, and he shall have no name in the street"—language wondrously expressive to an Eastern man, as denoting not only the lack of male heirs, but likewise an infamy or obscurity worse than death. If you ask a Hindoo or Persian, the character of a man, the answer will probably be, "His name is in every street;" that is, he is one of whom all speak well—or, on the other hand, "He has no name, none on the street will acknowledge him"—which is equivalent to saying his reputation is bad. If one seeks a favor at your hands, he will urge his cause by the plea: "Grant me my petition, and your name shall be on every street," &c., &c.

The want of male descendants, which is also implied, has ever been esteemed by Eastern nations, as among the greatest of misfortunes; and a common malediction in many Oriental countries, is: "Let him die without a son to mourn for him, or to water his grave with tears, and let his name be blotted out forever."

Job, arguing the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments, to vindicate God's dealings with his creatures, in this earthly life, where the righteous are often afflicted, and the wicked crowned with prosperity—says of the ungodly rich man: "The clods of the valley shall be sweet unto him;" chap. xxi. 33, referring, doubtless, to the circumstances of honor and respect that attend even the burial of those rich in this world's goods; and the care that is afterwards taken of their tombs, in decking them from time to time, with sweet scented flowers and shrubs. This is a very ancient custom—one to which frequent and beautiful reference is made by many Oriental poets; and in nearly all Eastern lands where the dead are buried, the care that is taken to decorate and beautify the graves is a touching tribute to the loved ones entombed beneath the fragrant "clods of the valley"—*thus made sweet unto them.*

The poor and friendless do not receive this attention, and in this difference seems to lie the point of Job's language.

In chapter xxix. 7, 8, referring to his former prosperous condition, Job says: "When I went out to the gate, through the city, when I prepared my seat in the street; the young men saw me and hid themselves." He thus describes himself as performing the functions of a judge, in the usual place of judicature, *the gate of the city.** All over the East, great respect is paid to old people by the young, who never presume to take any part in the conversation when their seniors are talking, or otherwise obtrude themselves into notice, unless specially invited to do so. Whenever either an aged man or one of high rank is passing, it is customary for the young to withdraw into the background, and remain entirely out of view while he is near. In verse 9, it is added: "Princes refrained talking, and laid their hand on their mouth."

This act among Orientals is very significant—denoting not only attention, but unanswering deference. The address of a judge, chief priest, or other high functionary of church or state, is always received in this way. Among the Persians and some others, persons in attendance on the sovereign, are required to keep the hand before the mouth even while speaking, in order to prevent their breath from exhaling toward the august personage before whom they are standing. Oriental etiquette abounds in such conventional decorums; some of which are full of significance, but the majority are simply humiliating, and seemingly contrived only to widen as much as possible the great gulf that divides the sovereign and subject—the lofty and the lowly.

In chapter xxx. 11, occurs the words: "He hath loosed my cord;" a striking figure borrowed from the pastoral life of a nomadic people; and referring to the utter destruction that ensues when the cords of a tent are cut or broken. In the same sense, Jeremiah uses similar language: "My tabernacle (tent) is spoiled, and all my cords are broken." Both are intended to convey the idea of overwhelming trouble and sorrows.

* See article on *Gates*, in former No. of Post.

How to Manage Kerosene Lamps.

Our ears are every day pained by accounts of kerosene lamps exploding and killing, or scarring for life, men, women or children. A simple knowledge of the inflammable nature of the fluid would probably put a stop to nearly all the accidents. As the oil burns down in the lamps, a highly inflammable gas gathers over its surface, and as the oil decreases the gas increases. When the oil is nearly consumed, a slight jar will often inflame the gas, and an explosion is sure to follow, dealing death and destruction. A bomb-shell is not more to be dreaded. Now if the lamp is not allowed to burn more than half way down, such accidents are impossible. Always fill your lamps every morning; then you never need fear any explosion. Half of a teaspoonful of salt added to the oil of a lamp which holds a pint, will take away the disagreeable odor sometimes apparent, and it is said, prevent the formation of that dangerous gas. It is a simple remedy, easily applied. It is also asserted that the salt makes the oil last much longer, but we have only hearsay evidence concerning it. Kerosene is the best antidote for a severe burn or scald. Immerse the injured part in cold water for a moment; dry with a soft cloth, taking care not to rub at all. Then bathe in kerosene, and the terrible pain ceases. We know not of the philosophy of the matter, but we do know that it is the most efficacious remedy for severe burns or scalds in the materia medica.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

When the new years come, and the old years go,
How, little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little passing away.
Little by little, on fertile plain
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is done.
Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come, and the old years go.

Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds.
Little by little the great rocks grew,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea
Little by little are builded—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

Little by little all tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun.
With work and with weeping, with laughter and play,
Little by little, the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so
The new years come and the old years go.

—*Observer.*

WON BY PROXY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY LETTICE THORPE.

"No, sir, I cannot consent to your marrying my daughter."

"But why not, Mr. Merrill, why not? Have you any reasonable objection to my person—my character?"

"Your person? O no—excepting that you're too confoundedly good-looking. If it had been otherwise, Eva might be a little more docile now."

"But my character, Mr. Merrill, have you any fault to find with that?"

"No, you seem honest enough, I do not suppose that you would steal—that is, anything beside my daughter, and I shall take pretty good care that you do not steal her."

"Then what is it, sir, may I ask?"

"Eva, Mr. Beldon, has been spoiled and pampered and petted. She does not know how to do one useful thing. What kind of a wife would she make a poor man?"

"But I am not poor, I have a large salary. I could not of course give her a carriage and horses quite yet, nor a box at the opera, but she would not be obliged to exert herself at all. I shall be perfectly well able to keep servants and dress her handsomely, even richly."

"But you may lose your fine salary at any moment."

"I have the confidence of my employers, Mr. Merrill, and they are exceedingly kind."

"It is of no use to say anything more, I am very decided about this, and I beg that you will drop the subject. I wish you to discontinue your visits to my daughter at once. I shall be very glad to hear that you are prospering in this world, but I cannot give you Eva. The comfort and happiness of my daughters are my first and last consideration."

"But she loves me, sir."

"She will get over it; young girls' hearts are not reliable. Good-morning, Mr. Beldon, I have told you my wish—pray do not oppose it."

The young man seized his hat and quickly withdrew; but as he was passing the parlor door, a little white hand was laid upon his arm, and he was drawn into the room and eagerly questioned by the lovely owner of the aforesaid hand.

"What did he say, Henry, what did he say?"

"He forbade my coming to the house at all, Eva."

She laid her head against his arm and burst into tears. Drawing her closely to him, he talked in low, soothing tones, until suddenly raising her eyes to his, she said, "I cannot give you up, Henry, I *will* not give you up. If you cannot come to see me, I shall go to you."

"O my darling, that will never do."

"Then are you willing to relinquish me so easily?" she asked, drawing herself away from him.

"No, dearest, never, never; but we shall be obliged to resort to stratagem, and I have a friend who will assist me. I must go now, for if your father should find me with you, he would be very angry," and after pressing his lips to hers he tore himself away.

William Curtis was seated in his office, hat on, and feet resting upon the mantelpiece, in regular bachelor fashion, when Henry Beldon entered, looking eager and excited.

"Glad to see you, old fellow," exclaimed the former; "but, see here, what's the matter? You look a little down in the mouth, it appears to me."

"Will, I want your assistance."

"How, where, and when?"

"I want you to woo and win a lady for me."

"What's that?"

"Just what I said exactly."

"But supposing she should be like the fair maiden of olden times and say, 'Why dost thou not speak for thyself?' You know, Harry, I'm not such a *very* bad looking fellow."

"I know that, Will, but I'm not afraid, my little Eva is true as steel."

"O, it's the fair Eva, is it? Why, what's the matter there, that you do not woo and win her yourself?"

"Her father has forbidden me the house, because I haven't money enough, but he will never object to you, as you are one of fortune's favorites, you know. So I want you to devote yourself to Eva, and give me a chance to meet her when her father thinks she is with you."

"Well, I don't know, Henry, it is putting me in a pretty dangerous place. Miss Eva is a very fascinating young lady. However, if your heart is not upon it, I'll run the risk. What shall I do first?"

"Go and invite her to ride, then when you get to Meriden's lane I'll relieve you for awhile of your charge."

"Why, Harry, you are better at manœuvring than I imagined. When shall it be?"

"Call upon her to-night, and invite her to ride with you to-morrow afternoon, then I will meet you at the place mentioned."

"All right, but what am I to expect for this friendly service?"

"There's a younger sister coming on, Will."

"Yes, and she is prettier even than Eva."

"Well, that is according to taste, you know. Maude is a very pretty girl, and will soon make her debut in society, so you had better have your eyes wide open."

That evening the gentleman called, as requested, upon Miss Merrill, and invited her to ride the following day. At breakfast, her father said to her, "Eva, I am quite willing that you should encourage Mr. Curtis's attentions, he is a very promising young man."

"And has plenty of money," she added, dryly; "parents are always willing to encourage the attentions of young men that have a fortune, or the expectation of one. Money redeems a multitude of sins. They may drink, cheat or steal, if they are only rich. But if a man is relying upon his own exertions to make his way in the world, no matter how good and honorable he may be, he is treated like a vagrant, or felon. I hate such injustice."

"Don't grow ill-natured, Eva, it would soon spoil your beauty."

"I had rather be ill-natured than mercenary," she retorted.

"I suppose you think your father a terrible old bear, because he won't let you play at love in a cottage—scrubbing floors, washing dishes, cooking salt pork, &c."

"I think you are very cruel," she said, and bursting into tears, rose from her seat and left the room. Her mother's eyes followed her, full of tenderness and sympathy, but Mr. Merrill only laughed, saying:

"She will be in love with Curtis in a week, you see if she isn't."

"O no," said the mother, "Eva is very constant in her loves and friendships, she will not change, I know."

"Mr. Curtis is not in love with Eva, nor she with him," exclaimed Maude, a beautiful girl of seventeen years.

"Indeed, miss, and what do you know about it?"

The young girl blushed rosy red, and then laughing a little answered,

"I can see, papa, as well as other people."

"You had better attend to your books, and not trouble yourself about your sister's affairs."

"I shall soon be through with the tiresome old books, and have some affairs of my own," she retorted saucily.

"I beg, Maude, that you will wait until Eva is settled before you begin *your* flirtations. I shall certainly go crazy if I have two to look after."

"I am going to parties this winter, papa, and of course I shall look my prettiest, and then—and then."

"It is time to go to school, so no more nonsense, but come and kiss me good-by," and the young lady did as requested.

That afternoon Mr. Curtis called with a dashing little turn-out, and took Eva off in triumph, the young girl looking bright and happy enough to warrant her father's predictions, but at Meriden's lane another young gentleman took his place by her side, and indulged in certain demonstrations that his predecessor had not dreamed of. They passed one delightful hour together, the horses being allowed to take their own pace, meanwhile, and upon returning to the place appointed Henry sprang out, and young Curtis again sprang in and drove the lady home.

This same programme was repeated week after week, Eva of course losing neither health or spirits under such a regime. At length, one day when Harry Beldon was with her, who should they see coming but Mr. Merrill himself.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" asked the frightened girl.

"Haven't you a thick veil, darling?"

"Yes, yes," and immediately the article in question was drawn closely over Eva's face, and shivering with apprehension they met the severe parent, who gave them both a searching glance as he passed by.

"O, Harry, do you think he knew me?"

"Not unless he recognized your dress."

"Then I'm safe enough, for papa never knows whether I am clothed in purple, green, or yellow. Fortunately I had this veil, I shall regard it in future as my kindest friend. Wasn't it funny, though?" and she went off into a fit of joyous laughter, so contagious that her companion soon joined in her merriment.

That evening Mr. Merrill turned to his daughter, saying, "Eva, I do not think you need to wear the willow any longer for Mr. Beldon, he seems to be consoling himself."

"What do you mean, father?" she inquired very demurely, but almost choking with repressed laughter.

"I met him riding with a lady to-day, so closely veiled that I could not see her face—but they seemed to be enjoying themselves very much."

"I do not suppose that Mr. Beldon will be silly enough to make a hermit of himself, and renounce the society of all other ladies, because he has been dismissed from the house of the girl he loves. I hope that he will find consolation somewhere."

"I think, Eva, that *you* had better find consolation in the society of the gentleman you were with to-day."

"The gentleman I was riding with, papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"Why, wouldn't you object to my marrying him?"

"I should be most happy to see you his wife."

"Well, I'll tell him then," and laughing mischievously, she ran out of the room.

"So much for a girl's love! What did I tell you, mother? I know she would be fascinated with the next good-looking fellow that came along," exclaimed the gentleman, triumphantly.

"I have not changed my opinion yet, of Eva," she replied.

"Have not changed your opinion? You do not believe that she is still in love with Beldon, do you?"

"Wait and see."

"Why I have just given my consent to her marrying William Curtis—and she went off, happy as a bird."

The mother smiled incredulously, but said nothing more.

The next day, Mr. Merrill was sitting in his office, when suddenly the door opened, and Eva entered, leaning on Mr. Beldon's arm, looking very happy, but a little nervous.

"My husband, father!" said the audacious little lady.

"What's that?" he inquired, pushing back his chair.

"Don't scold now, papa," she continued, "you said I might marry the gentleman I rode with yesterday—and this is he. I was the veiled lady you saw consoling him."

Mr. Merrill looked very grave for a moment, and then said,

"Well, children, your two young heads were more than a match for my old one; go and see your mother."

And the happy couple were very sure they heard a sound strongly resembling laughter, as they left the room.

"Papa," said a sweet voice, a few moments afterwards, "you were anxious, you know, to have Will Curtis in the family; and—and—he is willing."

"What do you mean, Maude? You haven't commenced your *affairs* in good earnest, have you?"

"Eva is settled—and Mr. Curtis wants me to marry him."

"Not for two years yet."

"He is willing to wait." And kissing her father a dozen times, she also left him, to join her impatient lover.

NETTIE'S TEMPTATION.

I.

A little old-fashioned chamber, and a little old-fashioned occupant. A prim tiny room full of quaint treasures and fanciful unfashionable devices; a prim tiny head at the window, full of quaint treasures too, and fanciful unfashionable ideas. A head which the May moonlight touched rather sadly, as Nettie O'Neill raised the blind slowly and looked up; up beyond the unmoved white blinds opposite; up beyond the tiles on which the moonlight glistened white and wet; up beyond the pale pure moon itself, searching the strip of deep unfathomable blue which hung above the narrow quiet street.

Perhaps the wistful, child-like eyes could read no answer there to the one great question which troubled them, for when Nettie drew the blind down again, as lingeringly as she had raised it, there was a great seriousness on her small face.

She moved her dressing-table back into its place before the window, lighted her candle again, and, standing in its light at her high narrow chest of drawers, opened her desk.

Each thing had to be taken out separately that it might be put in properly afterwards, "old-maidishly," as Nettie used to say.

First the little square embroidered case with *postage stamps* worked elaborately on one side, and containing the one stamp still, which had been put into it at its manufacture. Then the beaded pen-wiper, the ink stains on which were so scrupulously confined to the black cloth, leaving the scarlet dazzling and unspotted. Then a little flat bag of thin white silk, with *answered* worked in black letters across it; and that was set aside too, for in it there lay only four letters, and though they were neither yellow nor crumpled nor worn, they were within six years as old as the girl who handled them so tenderly. Then came a second little bag, of blue silk this, and labelled *unanswered* in white letters, not very bulky in appearance, for there lay but one unanswered letter in it.

This Nettie drew out and slowly opened. It was but one sheet of note paper and barely filled, yet it took her a long time to read. Perhaps she was not used to skimming over delicate, lady-like epistles. Perhaps the tender affectionate terms were new and delicious to her who lived on those four letters which her dead mother had written to her fifteen years before. Perhaps she was trying to read in the straight black lines (as she had tried to read in the glimpse of moonlit heaven) an answer to that doubt which puzzled her.

Almost unconsciously she turned back when she had finished, and read the last leaf aloud to herself.

"As I say, dear, I should have urged all this before but I waited until you should be of age, that no one might have any right to interfere with your decision. Now I hope you will come to us at once. We are waiting to welcome you, Nettie, my child, and longing to do so. Write and tell me when to send for you, for I should not like you to come alone. Your Cousin Graham, who has not much to do at home here, will be very glad of the excuse for a journey to the city. Do not send me any scruples, for I cannot listen to them.

"Nettie, love, do you think your mother would have countenanced the life you lead? I do not care to mince the matter. If he is your father, he has lost all claim to your gratitude or love by his own conduct. I do not care even to remember that he is your father, I merely remember that you are living in a wretched way, alone with a man who is very rarely at home with you, and who, when he is, is very rarely sober. Is this what your mother would have wished, my dear? Is this the life you can bear to think she looks upon? I know her choice would be that you should come to me. My heart bleeds for you, my poor little lonely girl, and I can feel how she would rejoice to see you here at Greenlands with us. Who so proper to be a mother to you, Nettie, as your mother's only sister? Come and be a daughter to me, and a sister to Graham, the only cousin you have in the world; and in coming you will do the only good that is in your power to that man whom I am ashamed to call your father. Remember that any scruples you may urge I shall look upon as insults to your mother's memory, and I only expect to hear how soon Graham may fetch you.

"I am, dear child, your own loving Aunt,
"ELLEN LYTTELTON."

There was a long silence in the room after Nettie had read these words aloud to herself, then the candle was snuffed with a quick, resolute little hand; and Nettie, still standing against the high drawers, began to write the fifth answer she had composed to this letter, which had only reached her two days before.

This one should be posted; this should be the real one; but— How hard it was to know exactly what to say! She wrote, slowly and carefully, that she could not go; that her first duty lay with her father, asking who *was* to live with him, or care for him, if his own daughter would not? Whose duty, or pleasure (put in with rather a gulp) ought it to be, if not hers?

She signed her name with many words of love and gratitude, read the letter over twice, folded, sealed, and addressed it, put on the one stamp out of the perforated case, and then in a new haste jumped into bed, and tried to think of infinite vacuity, and so fall asleep. But trying to think of nothing is the very way to think of everything; and the puzzled little head upon its pillow was as far from sleep as the thoughts were from vacancy. The lovely eyes *would* keep so wide and wakeful in the moonlight. Their lids might have been bad fitting ones for their perfect incapacity for keeping closed, while the quick ears were open to every sound. They need not to have been very quick though to catch the sound which broke the silence at last; a peal that clashed through the house with peremptory impatience. Nettie sprang out of bed and slipped on her dress with nervous, hurried fingers, then ran noiselessly down stairs and unfastened the door as the bell startled the silence once more.

"Have you kept me waiting long enough yet?" was the sneering greeting she received, as her father passed her, steadying his steps with difficulty.

Such a slouching, pitiable figure, despite its height and good proportions. Such a mean, unmanly face, despite its regular features and soft gray hair, that it did well to hasten out of the shamed moonlight, into the gloom of the little passage, where the girl stood with bare feet on the worn floor-cloth.

"You told me never again to sit up for you, father. You said you should have your key."

"Did I?" he drawled, fumbling in one pocket. "Then why didn't you give it me?"

"I did. You took it with you," said Nettie, quietly, as she stooped to bolt the door again.

"Don't argue with me. Where's my supper?"

"It is just one o'clock," the girl said, very low, without raising her head; "surely you have supped."

"That's no business of yours. Get me some hot water."

"Not to-night, father," whispered Nettie, coming a little nearer to him. "The fire is out, and it is so late for me to light another."

For an instant, a silly softened look stole over his face at her touch. In the next it was gone, and something he little guessed of was gone with it. He gave her an impatient push.

"Get the girl up to light it, then, and you go to bed. I never can see what use you are in the house. Call the girl up, I say, and let me have some hot water. You seem to me to forget who is master here."

"Would you rather I remembered that, than that you were my father?" asked Nettie, slowly.

"I would have you remember I am both," he answered, trying to strike a light but failing in the attempt, and, as he did so, muttering words which made Nettie shudder as the chill night air had no power to do.

"Well, what are you staring at?"

"I was trying," said the girl, turning her eyes slowly away; "I was trying to do as you say—to remember that you are both. I will light the fire, if you really mean it to be lighted."

"Am I a fool to say it if I do not? Make haste about it."

The great clock of St. Martin's was striking two, when Nettie stole back into her little bed-room—dark now, for the moon had glided away to look on other sights—and the two heavy strokes vibrated through her like two heavy beats of her own heart, as she stood hesitating a minute on her cold bare feet, the hard, wicked words she had been listening to ringing round her in the darkness.

Striking a light she opened her neat little desk once more, and began to write. Neither slowly nor carefully this time, and putting in no word that was unnecessary, no love, no word of thanks. She only said—

"I will come—I will follow this letter at once. No need to trouble any one to fetch me. I have thought, and thought, and perhaps it is best. Your grateful Nettie O'Neill."

Nettie did not read this over. She folded it hastily, moistened the gum, and fastened the envelope with much unnecessary pressing. Then she found she had no stamp, her only one having been put on the long letter she had written three hours before.

Never mind, she could take it off in the steam of the kettle in the morning, only—suppose she should be tempted to post the first! It would be safer, perhaps, to destroy that one, preserving only the stamp; so she tore the elaborate, carefully-written letter into fifty fragments, and burnt them all. Then once more the small face lay upon its pillow; and the dawn, creeping in with its cold, sweet smile, found the wide desolate eyes searching—searching still.

Twelve! St. Martin's bell told each stroke languidly, while the sunshine danced round the gray old tower, and even made a few slight, fickle attempts to reach the low windows of the formal houses below, and look in cheeringly.

Twelve o'clock, and Nettie sat at the table waiting breakfast, her hair and her dress neat and prim as ever; her work in one idle hand, as she leaned over the prettily arranged breakfast-table and softly moved with the other a spray of fading hawthorn, rather brown at the edges, which stood in a glass near her father's seat; looking at it, and touching it very thoughtfully.

At the sound of the opening door she started up, reading her father's face rather intently as she greeted him. Poor child! there was little to read there save utter moodiness and discontent.

"Is this all you have for breakfast?" he asked, sitting down before the little dish of ham.

"Yes, father, that is all to-day."

He dropped his knife and fork, and pushed his chair a little back, tapping his foot impatiently. Nettie took him his cup of tea, hardly wondering why he had no relish for his food.

"If you want some of this, help yourself," he said, nodding to her to put down the cup, and he did not speak again through all Nettie's futile attempts at conversation until he rose.

"I shall not be home again until to-morrow," he said. "I suppose you won't cry about that, though. You can go to bed when you like to-night."

"You are away a great deal, father," said Nettie, with an odd little catch in her voice. "I never go away at all."

"You are welcome to go," he said, carelessly, "if anybody likes to have you."

"Shouldn't you care?" she asked, with a pleading wistfulness in her eyes.

"Not a bit," he replied, in listless assurance of the impossibility of the truth of his words being tested. "What would it matter to me? Now then, is my hat brushed?"

When Nettie brought it to him, she laid one nervous little hand upon his arm.

"Come, open the door," he began impatiently.

"But say good-by, father; you are going away, you know."

"Faugh! what tragics. How many kisses do you want?"

"One."

"Take it then."

"Father," said Nettie, looking into his eyes with an odd, old look on her small face, "I believe if we were parting forever you would not kiss me of your own free will. Should you? should you?"

"Take your arms away, you baby. When you are going away forever, you can judge for yourself. That is not likely to happen yet awhile. Open that door when I tell you."

Standing back almost shrinkingly in the little passage, Nettie watched the tall figure hesitate a moment on the step, looking up the street and down, then turn off slowly out of sight, with never the backward glance which little Nettie would have grasped at in this moment of doubt and indecision.

II.

The dainty shadows rolled smoothly along the level lawn at Greenlands as the little fleecy clouds chased each other coyly over the broad face of the white August sun; and as these shadows hurried on they ran up Nettie's white dress and touched for a moment the little thoughtful face. But they passed quickly and softly, as shadows should pass from a young and guileless face, though some one strolling towards her thinks that these shadows stay too long in the big, radiant eyes.

A young man this some one was, in a summer suit and an old felt hat on the very back of his handsome head; and as Nettie sits on the grass, thinking how sweetly and sadly the chime from the distant steeple breaks the Sunday hush upon the valley, he stands and looks down upon her with a very tender light in his laughing gray eyes.

"I wonder you did not hide in my absence as you generally do. I was gathering this," he said, holding out a delicate half-opened tea-rose.

"How beautiful, Graham," she said, her whole face showing the passionate love that had grown up within her for these beauties that had been so unattainable to the city girl. "Is it for me?"

"No," he answered, slowly drawing back his hand, and beginning to fasten the rose in his coat, "not unless you ask me prettily."

"Then we may as well go to tea; the bell has rung."

She blushed a little in her effort to look dignified; but Graham read the childish nature, he thought, very easily. He knew whether his random tender speeches hurt or pleased her.

"Look straight into my eyes," he said laughing, "and say, 'Dear Graham, give me the flower, please.' You know exactly how to plead when you like, little lady."

"I have never anything to plead for now," she said quaintly, "I have a great deal more than I want in every way. What should I plead for?"

"Is it so new to you to have everything you want, dear?" asked Graham tenderly.

"You know it is," she said with a little gulp. "Come, let us go in."

"Stop, Nettie," he said, slipping down beside her on the grass, "I will not go on asking you about your past life as I have been so fond of doing. It was quite natural for my mother to insist on your dropping all connection with, and if possible, all remembrance of your father; but I can perfectly understand how you do not like to speak slightingly of him or show him to us in the character of a ——— beast (Graham chose the mildest term he could think of) as you must do if you tell us of your old privations; therefore I will never speak of it again if I can help it, but will try the harder to render your home bright and happy enough to make up to you for these past years, and make you forget all the shadows that lie behind. Only, Nettie, you will never talk of leaving us as you have lately frightened me by doing sometimes. Promise me."

She was looking far off beyond the earnest, handsome face, and the little parted lips were quivering painfully.

"You are happy with me—with us Nettie?" he whispered.

"Too happy, Graham," she said, bringing her eyes slowly back to his face, "too happy in one way. O, you don't know what it is to be petted and valued and loved—after———"

"I can fancy it, he said, very low, "and the petting, and the valuing, and the loving are so delicious to us—to me especially, Nettie."

She did not blush at his heartfelt words, ready as her blushes were at other times, nor had her eyes quite lost their distant look.

"Graham, I have put off speaking day after day, she said, in hurried, trembling tones, "because I have been so cowardly, so afraid of going back to hardships and coldness; but I must speak now, I feel as if I could at last. You know what we sang this morning when we went into church, that quite decided me. Graham, if Aunty will let me, if you don't mind, I would be hap———better to go home."

"Are you not out here? Do you really wish to go home?" asked Graham, attempting to rise carelessly, but pulling his hat a little over his face.

"I mean home to my father."

"Such whims little girls sometimes take," he answered, stroking her hair softly. "Come, it is tea time, you know."

"Graham, I really, really mean it. O, listen, please."

"I will not believe you mean it, Nettie," he said huskily. "Mr. O'Neill has made no effort to recall you, has never been as a father to you. How can you set him before us who love you so dearly? It is cruel to us if it be not cruel to yourself."

"O, hush," she cried, covering her face suddenly, "I thought you would help me to see what was right."

"Do you trust to me to show you, dear?"

"Yes."

"Then it is this: to stay and be a dear little helpful daughter to your mother's sister, and to be—O, it would take me a long time to say what—to some one else, whose claim I hope to make stronger than a father's—stronger, a hundred times, than such a father's as yours."

"I seem to know only three people in the world," said Nettie with a piteous sadness in her great innocent eyes, "and you make me cast off one of them, or two."

"Not, I, dear," said Graham eagerly, "it was he who did it first, this loving father of yours. Let us talk no more of him. Here is your rose; it will soon brighten up the sad little face."

"Those words we sang have haunted me ever since, Graham," she said, walking slowly beside him, looking up into his face with eyes he could not fathom. "'I will arise and go to my father.' Do you remember?"

"That father was a generous, loving one, dear," he answered, gently, "else his son would not have gone back to him, you may be sure. Here is mother coming to the door to look for us. How she will smile at your latest notion, Nettie dear!"

Nettie ran up to her room when they reached the house, and Mrs. Lyttelton turned to her son.

"What's the matter with the child, Graham?"

"I expect she will tell you herself," he said fretfully as he stood opposite her, lean-

ing against the doorway; I think she is hankering after that miserable life you rescued her from."

"Nonsense! it is impossible, dear."

"I fear it is so, mother. Some ridiculous notion of duty seems to have been always in her head. You know how happy she has been; you know how changed she is. Surely you will be able to convince her that it would be sinful to degenerate again into the poor little ill-used——"

"Hush, dear; all that will not be necessary. She cannot really mean it, she is so happy with us."

"I have thought so, but I suppose we do not understand her," he said, speaking wearily. "She will be sure to speak of it again to-night, and we must try what our united persuasions will do."

The Sunday twilight crept down the distant hills, and the quiet valley rested under its drooping wings; but the shadow of those soothing wings fell heavily and sadly upon the little group around that open window, through which the summer evening fragrance crept in wooingly.

The mother, hurt and disappointed as her gentle arguments failed to convince the girl whose voice was so firm while her soft, child-like face paled and quivered, watched her son as he stood over Nettie, pleading with sad earnestness, or pacing the room with hot and angry words, that pierced the little breaking heart which this love of his had stirred into a new life, and brought hot sharp tears into the eyes that looked out among the deepening shadows with their old gaze, searching, searching for something beyond their ken.

They pictured her two homes in all their bitter contrast. They reminded her of the change in herself which these few months had effected. They recalled her as she had come to them with her two shabby dresses and her worn face. They fancied her going back to her stagnant, comfortless life after these months of perfect sympathy and companionship, going back to the hard, scraping economy which her father enforced upon her after the careful, careless abundance of this new home. But the answer was all one. Then these two friends pleaded their own love for her, their loneliness if she left them, their disappointment in her.

The little fingers knit tightly in each other, and the young lips were puckered with pain. Then they tried to show her that it was wrong, selfish, and ungrateful to leave her mother's friends, and go back of her own accord to a sin-shadowed life.

The little tired head drooped against the window, and the eyes grew bewildered in their search among the shadows.

"You will have thought better of these silly fancies in the morning, Nettie dear," Mrs. Lyttelton said at last, kissing her as she rose. "If not, I shall have recourse to a little wholesome authority, and refuse you permission or power to leave me; but you will obey me I know though, without my having to take refuge in those means. Now let us go to bed," she added, kissing the young face again in sudden pity, "and I'm quite sure you will have forgotten these arguments to-morrow."

But there were a few words Nettie could not forget—a few words sung that morning in the white church on the hill; and so it was that next day, when Graham came in from his ride round the farm, and sought his little love, he could not find her.

Nettie and her little shabby dresses were gone. They only found in the sunny chamber the pretty clothes in which they had delighted to see her, and a little penitent letter that breathed a quaint, resolute bravery through all its pathos, and had only one line blotted with tears.

"I will arise, and go to my father."

Graham—alone in the bright empty room—covered his eyes with his shaking hand, and tried to imagine for what those tears had been shed. And his sad, dry eyes could read, in the few tear-stained words, a little of the agony the lonely child had suffered on that Sunday night.

II.

"Where shall you be to-night, O'Neill?"

The person addressed, a tall, elderly gentleman, with a haggard face and listless step, stopped, and turned indolently.

"Nowhere, Grey. Nowhere in particular, I suppose; or rather in any spot to which the spirit takes me."

"Why didn't you honestly put it plural at once? I'm glad to hear it though. We have a little party at Harris's, I'll call for you on my way. We shall be able to make a capital night of it."

Mr. O'Neill's face had flushed oddly. The time was not very far behind him when this man dared not have spoken to him so; dared not have taken it for granted that he would go to this place, which he had shunned and avoided through years of careless dissipation, which he had even shunned and avoided through these later and more reckless years.

"I am not sure that I can come," he began, but stopped, seeing his companion's broad gaze of curiosity fixed upon this flame that would rise hotly in his face against his will. He shook the hesitation away with a pride which was meaner and falser far than the shame that had caused it.

"I do not know that I have not another appointment."

"I'm sure you haven't," said the other, roughly. "You owned that to begin with, and I rather suppose you don't intend to sit at home in single blessedness, and shed a tear for the departed daughter. Oh! what a melancholy Shylock, and yet no ducats gone, only a daughter. You look very like a mourning parent. But let me recommend you to mourn no longer. Cast away your weeds. She has forgotten all about her old life by this time. You should have forgotten all about her too."

"I *have* forgotten," said Mr. O'Neill, in sudden heat, "though it is no business of yours. I have no doubt I shall be at liberty. You will call in then, Grey, will you? Good evening."

Why should not he go there? Why should not he go anywhere, now? Who was there to contaminate except himself? and was there anything to keep him at home?

But had anything ever been there that could keep him at home? whispered Conscience. Conscience had not been a soothing companion to him lately, while the one evil spirit of old stood with seven other spirits more wicked than himself within the very threshold of the house that was being swept and garnished by weak, irresolute hands; and, as he knew, stepped boldly forward when that consent was given. He put his key into the door, almost unconsciously picturing the little figure that used to open it to him so readily, his step slackened involuntarily in the narrow passage. He entered the sitting-room (so changed, he knew, since the "old-maidish" little fingers had been busy there) with his head bent a little, as it generally was now; and something in the very atmosphere of the room—even before his eyes were raised—breathed of a charge. His breath quickened a little, as he almost expected even before he had time to think of it—that a light step would come towards him. But there came none, and he looked up.

Was it really the dull changed room? This, with its window open to the summer evening breeze that had some lingering freshness in it still, and brought old memories of far-away scented hedge-rows out of reach of the city smoke. The tea-table bright and neat, a bunch of honeysuckles at his plate, and a large glass of wild roses in the middle of the table. And beside it—sweet and sunny above all—his little girl herself, in her old familiar brown dress and short black apron, shining with age and wear, but having a wonderfully pleasant home-like look, with the keys sticking out of one of the little pockets, and a handkerchief out of the other. He stood looking at her as if he feared to move and break the dream. And the little face, in its child-like purity, and in its brave, unselfish tenderness, seemed to come towards him across the tainted current of his backward life, showing him something that might lie beyond. He felt an odd, childish longing to stretch out his arms to her, and let her guide him out of reach or hearing of its turbid rush. Perhaps unconsciously he did so, for his arms were round her, and the quiet little head lay at rest against his beating heart.

"Father," she whispered, "will you take me back—though I have sinned?"

He drew her closer, closer, but no words could pass his close, tight lips.

"Are you glad, father?" (There were such sobbing tears in the low voice.) "Kiss me if you are. There is no need to tell me so in words: we shall understand each other always now."

Little Nettie, in all her twenty-one years, had never remembered such a kiss as that, and it brought the tears that struggled in her voice straight up to her eyes. But she did not hide them now.

"Father," she said, looking at him with great glad eyes shining through them, "it is far, far better—to me—to come home."

And then the father—remembering the life his child had led in this home of his—bowed his head on hers, and let the childish tears flow as they would from his own tired eyes; knowing, perhaps, they would add nothing to the stained current.

Such a tea it was! Perhaps no better than usual, but so different. With the dainty little figure at the end of the table, and the flowers, and the care and tenderness, and the gay loving talk. But how rudely it was broken into by that sharp ring at the front door bell.

"Shall you be away long?" asked Nettie, wistfully, as her father rose hurriedly to leave the room.

"Only a few minutes. I do not want—that person to be brought in here."

And in those same few minutes he returned, and, with a sigh of wonderful relief, sat down at the open window.

"Now we are together," said Nettie, softly, as she took her place beside him, "father, shall I sing you what we sang at church yesterday morning—the words God sent to bring me home again?"

The sunshine had left the narrow city street. There were no smiling scented meadows round her. No sweet chime floated from the distant hills. No earnest pleading voice was there, falling with untold tenderness upon her heart. No brave eyes—bright and eager—read her unspoken wishes. No gentle, motherly kiss fell softly on her lips. Yet the wide, happy eyes looked out, at last, without their searching gaze.

☞ A Western paper says that Speaker John T. Bunch, of the Kentucky House of Representatives, sheds a bottle of ink every time he writes his name. The dot he puts at the end of his autograph is exactly the length of a Congressional penknife with the blades open at both ends.

☞ Detectives are supposed to be lynx-eyed; but a night-watchman gets along very well with a bull's-eye.

☞ A wealthy bachelor married, off-hand, a beautiful young lady whom he caught inspecting cook-stoves at the fair. Since then you can't get within forty rods of the stove department for the crowd of pretty girls.

☞ Some signs are very suspicious. For instance, "*I.* Steele, Dry Goods."

☞ The annual catch of shad in the Delaware is about 2,500,000.

☞ Self-help is a great thing, but mutual help is not to be despised.

☞ It is reported that Miss Rosa Poe, the sister of Edgar Allen Poe, is living in Richmond, Va., in great destitution.

☞ Worth Knowing.—The Technologist says "one cord of wood cut and split fine, and corded up beneath a shelter while it is yet green, will furnish more heat after it has become seasoned than two cords of the same kind of wood which has been continually exposed to the alternate influences of storms and sunshines."

☞ You should continue the studying of your books, and not spend time upon the old stock. Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—*Bacon.*

☞ Why has Bismarck become a great landscape painter? Because he's *Clouved Lorraine.*

☞ Gail Hamilton thinks that the trouble with the woman's righters is, that they want to live like women and be paid like men.

☞ The most fashionable muffs now are said to be made of monkey skins.

☞ A Chicago paper says that that city is Protestant 18 per cent., Catholic 15 per cent., and "wuss'n heathen" 67 per cent.

☞ Figure-heads—Good arithmeticians.

☞ A muskrat made a hole through the dam of a Wisconsin farmer's trout pond, and thirteen hundred trout escaped therefrom.

☞ The Ohio editors are having a good time at their Convention in Akron. One of them threw out a hint that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Good idea!

☞ A recent visitor to a Texas jail, who asked a negro what brought him there, was told, "Two ob de state perlice." And when he asked farther if drunkenness had not something to do with it, the negro replied, promptly, "Yes, sah; dey was bof drank."

☞ The Oldest Land.—The oldest land on the globe, and that which first rose above the ocean, which the revelations of geology tell us one covered the whole earth, is the long low line of hills, nowhere exceeding two thousand feet in height, that extends along the border between Canada and the United States, from the eastern part of the Dominion almost to the base of the Rocky Mountains.

☞ Spell mouse-trap with three letters. Cat.

Extracts from Hawthorne's English Note-Books.

Quarrelling Heirs.—"At Bickley Hall, taken down a few years ago, used to be shown the room where the body of the Earl of Leicester was laid for a whole twelvemonth—1559 to 1560—he having been kept unburied all that time, owing to a dispute which of his heirs should pay his funeral expenses."

A Street Incident.—"One sees incidents in the streets here, occasionally, which could not be seen in an American city. For instance, a week or two since, I was passing a quiet-looking, elderly gentleman, when, all of a sudden, without any apparent provocation, he uplifted his stick and struck a black-gowned boy a smart blow on the shoulders. The boy looked at him wofully and resentfully, but said nothing, nor can I imagine why the thing was done."

Some Comfort.—"A French military man, a veteran of all Napoleon's wars, is now living, with a false leg and arm, both movable by springs, false teeth, a false eye, a silver nose with a flesh colored covering, and a silver plate replacing part of the skull. He has the cross of the Legion of Honor."

Conscience in a Magistrate.—"At dinner at Mr. Bright's, a week or two ago, Mr. Robertson Gladstone spoke of a magistrate of Liverpool, many years since, Sir John ——. Of a morning, sitting on the bench in the police court, he would take five shillings out of his pocket and say: 'Here, Mr. Clerk, so much for my fine. I was drunk last night!' Mr. Gladstone witnessed this personally."

At Oxford, in 1856.—"I saw Silliman's Journal on one of the desks, being the only trace of American science, or American learning or ability in any department, which I discovered in the University of Oxford."

A Wealthy Waiter.—"On Saturday evening I gave a dinner to Bennoch, at the Adelphi Hotel. The chief point or characteristic of English customs was that Mr. Radley, our landlord, himself attended at table, and officiated as chief waiter. He has a fortune of £100,000—half a million of dollars—and is an elderly man of good address and appearance."

Dr. Johnson in a Tight Place.—"At Dumbarton Castle, the appearance of a fortress is kept up merely for ceremony's sake; and the cannon have grown antiquated. Moreover, they are seldom or never fired even for purposes of rejoicing or salute, because their thunder produces the serious effect of depriving the garrison of water. There is a large tank, and the concussion causes the rifts of the stone to open, and thus lets the water out. Above this battery and elsewhere about the fortress, there are warders' turrets of stone, resembling great pepper-boxes. When Dr. Johnson visited the Castle, he introduced his bulky person into one of these narrow receptacles, and found it difficult to get out again. A gentleman who accompanied him was just stepping forward to offer his assistance, but Boswell whispered him to take no notice, lest Johnson should be offended; so they left him to get out as he could. He did finally extricate himself, else we might have seen his skeleton in the turret."

Stray Notes.—"These English are strangely proud of having a class above them."

"Every Englishman runs to the Times with his little grievance, as a child runs to his mother."

"Sunshine adapts itself to the character of a ruin in a wonderful way; it does not 'flout the ruins gray,' as Scott says, but sympathizes with their decay, and saddens itself for their sake. It beautifies the ivy, too."

"The English probably eat with more simple enjoyment than any other people; not ravenously, as we often do, and not exquisitely and artificially, like the French, but deliberately and vigorously, and with due absorption in the business, so that nothing good is lost upon them."

"I would rather live ten years as an ironsmith than fifty as a tailor."

"Sea-captains call a dress-coat a 'claw-hammer.'"

"It is certain that a woman in England is either decidedly a lady or decidedly not a lady. There seems to be no respectable medium."

"There is very little talent in this world, and what there is, it seems to me, is pretty well known and acknowledged. We don't often stumble upon geniuses in obscure corners."

"I will not believe that a sculptor or a painter is a man of genius unless he can make the nobleness of his subject illuminate and transfigure any given pattern of coat and breeches."

"In all the political or religious outbreaks, the mob's first impulse is to hit the illustrious dead on their noses."

"Mrs. M—— is of noble blood, and therefore not snobbish—quite unaffected, gentle, sweet, and easy to get on with, reminding me of the best-mannered American women."

"Palaces, pictures, parks! They do enrich life; and kings and aristocracies cannot keep these things to themselves, they merely take care of them for others. Even a king, with all the glory that can be shed around him, is but the liveried and bedizened footman of his people, and the toy of their delight."

An English Custom.—In one of his lectures Mr. Emerson speaks of the stability of things in England. He says that William of Wickham, about the year 1050, endowed a house in the neighborhood of Winchester, to provide a measure of beer and a sufficiency of bread to every one that asked for it, forever; and when Mr. Emerson was in England he was curious to test that good man's credit, so he knocked at the door, preferred his request, and received his measure of beer and quantum of bread, though its owner had been dead eight hundred years!

☞ "George," asked a teacher of a Sunday-school class, "who above all others shall you first wish to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation, the little fellow shouted, "Gerliah!"

☞ A charitable Cincinnati gentleman keeps a pair of dogs chained at his front door, so that poor people who stop to "get a bite" can be accommodated without taking the trouble to go in the house.

☞ A baby-show at Cedar Rapids had twenty competitors. The mothers decided by a vote which baby was the nicest, and each baby had one vote. That party speedily broke up.

In-growing Toe Nails.

This most painful of the diseases of the nails is caused by the improper manner of cutting the nail (generally of the great toe), and then wearing a narrow, badly-made shoe. The nail beginning to grow too long, and rather wide at the corners, is often trimmed around the corner, which gives temporary relief. But it then begins to grow wider in the side where it was cut off, and as the shoe presses the flesh against the corner, the nail cuts more into the raw flesh, which becomes excessively tender and irritable. If this state continues long, the toe becomes more and more painful and ulcerated, and fungus (proud flesh), shoots up from the sorest points. Walking increases the suffering, till positive rest becomes indispensable.

Treatment.—We omit all modes of cutting out the nail by the root, and all other cutting or torturing operations. Begin the effort at cure by simple application to the tender part of a small quantity of perchloride of iron. It is found in drug stores in a fluid form, though sometimes in powder. There is immediately a moderate sensation of pain, constriction, or burning. In a few minutes the tender surface is felt to be dried up, tanned, or mummified, and it ceases to be painful. The patient, who before could not put his foot to the floor, now finds that he can walk upon it without pain. By permitting the hardened, wood-like flesh to remain for two or three weeks, it can easily be removed by soaking the foot in warm water. A new and healthy structure is found, firm and solid, below. If thereafter the nails be no more cut around the corners or sides, but *always* curved in across the front end, they will in future grow only straight forward; and by wearing a shoe of reasonably good size and shape, all further trouble will be avoided.—*Boslwick's Medical and Surgical Journal.*

☞ "It was no joke when a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, a year ago, remembering that Thomas Scott was President of the Pennsylvania Central, rose in his seat and said, 'Mr. President, if Tom Scott has no more business for this legislature, I move we adjourn.'"—*Wendell Phillips.*

☞ Mr. Boutwell reports the reduction by payment of the principal of the national debt since March 1, 1869, at $204,754,413, or a little over *one hundred millions of dollars per annum.*

☞ A Liverpool journal avers that some of the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, with all their knowledge of Latin and Greek, have never sufficiently mastered the mysteries of the English tongue to spell words of three and four syllables correctly. What an ignorance of the very spirit of the Greeks and Romans this shows.

☞ The town of Bath, in the state of Maine, has at least one bright school-marm. Seeing that the ordinary reading books failed to interest her pupils, she thought it would be a good idea to enlist their tastes on the side of their own improvement; and so she laid aside the books and set them to reading in the magazines. In this one school sixty copies of a single popular monthly are taken for this purpose.

☞ Prof. Edward Parrish has resigned the Presidency of Swarthmore College, erected not long since upon a site forming part of the farm on which Benjamin West was born, a few miles west of Philadelphia. Prof. Magill has been temporarily placed in charge of the College.

☞ It is reported in England that Home, the famous spiritualist, has become a convert to Episcopalianism, and is soon to assume holy orders. He is said to have been led to that church by revelations from the spirit-world.

☞ Scientists are indulging in puzzled speculations over the "three stone heads" found imbedded in the miocene or middle tertiary formation near Mount Hood, Oregon, and which are declared to be older than the mountain, and to have been uncovered by a mountain torrent from 1,500 feet below the surface. They are of extinct races—ruminants, with tusks—and one must have been allied to the camel, while another is of a much larger species.

☞ It seems natural to many women to pour out every detail of their life, either trivial or important. Whether others may be compromised by it or not, an instinctive desire to lay bare every thought belongs far more to a woman's nature than it does to a man's. And we may add that nothing seems so contemptible to most men as this very trait, the inability to keep a secret, even when it compromises their own character. Nothing perhaps marks the superior woman more clearly than her ability to keep a secret.

☞ The game of "faro" is said to derive its name from the figure of the Egyptian King Pharaoh, which was formerly upon one of the cards.

☞ "Make me a jacket out of Pa's old coat," is the latest song.

☞ A two-foot rule—Don't stumble.

☞ "My dear," asked John, on observing new striped hose on his only heir: "why have you made barber's poles of Ernest's legs?" "Because he's a little shaver," was the reply.

☞ A merchant of Fairmount, West Virginia, whose store was somewhat troubled with rats, invested $3 in a terrier dog, and put him in the store the other night. The next morning the merchant found thirty-three dead full-grown Norway rats.

☞ Philadelphia claims the largest locomotive factory in the world; it has 1,000 employees, turning out one locomotive per day valued at $15,000.

☞ "Stuck up"—Show bills.

To the Descendants of English Families
IN AMERICA.

The advertiser having devoted many years to the careful investigation of the Common Pleas and other Rolls of the English Records, and which alone contain the true history of Families, Manors, and Lands—and which, from their immensity, have in a great measure remained as a sealed book to investigators. And having from the same, accumulated a mass of Genealogical and Historical information of the greatest interest, hitherto entirely unheard of, and by which he is in a position to expose the errors of the many spurious existing pedigrees—offers his services to the public, both in Europe and America, in the compilation of pedigrees, which will bear the strictest scrutiny and examination.

American families desirous of obtaining correct information of their English ancestors, grants of arms, &c., &c; and who already possess their family records from the time of emigration from England; are requested to transmit the same to the advertiser.

As the cost of these researches must depend upon the amount of investigation and information obtained, no fixed amount of charge can be stated; but a remittance of Ten Pounds on London, by Draft, or otherwise, must accompany instructions to proceed.

Address MR. JAMES PHILLIPPE,
mh18-4t 48 Bedford Row, London, England.

SEND for our catalogue of Gay and Jolly Books, Pictures and Fancy Articles. Address J. & S. DAVIS, Ithaca, N. Y. mh18-4t

NEW LOAN
OF THE UNITED STATES.
IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given, that books will be opened on the sixth day of March next, in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan, under the Act approved July 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the Act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of Bonds, namely:

First. Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second. Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third. Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First. Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent. Bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; of which there will be reserved for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second. Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of Bonds.

Third. Subscriptions for equal amounts of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of Bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth. Subscriptions for any five per cent. Bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount thereof in coin or currency of the United States, or in Bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new Bonds are delivered; and payment may be made either in coin or in Bonds of the United States known as Five-Twenty Bonds, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, and $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depositary of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under state, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the United States Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

In the United States, the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or the Designated Depositaries at Buffalo, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, Ohio, Louisville, Ky., Mobile, Ala., and Pittsburg, Pa.

The following banking houses are also authorized to act as agents in receiving subscriptions in the United States, viz:

NEW YORK CITY.

Austin Baldwin & Co.	James G. King's Sons,
Baker & Kitchen.	Kountze Brothers.
A. Belmont & Co.	Leonard, Scanlon & Foster.
Blake Brothers & Co.	Maitland, Phelps & Co.
Brown Brothers & Co.	Marx & Co.
Budge, Schill & Co.	Morton, Bliss & Co.
Cecil, Scott & Thayer.	P. M. Myers & Co.
John J. Cisco & Son.	George Opdyke & Co.
Clark, Dodge & Co.	R. D. Randolph & Co.
Henry Clews & Co.	Reid, Leo & Co.
Jay Cooke & Co.	Security Bank.
Dabney, Morgan & Co.	J. and W. Seligman & Co.
Thomas Denny & Co.	Souther & Co.
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Duncan, Sherman & Co.	Moses Taylor & Co.
Fisk & Hatch.	Trevor & Colgate.
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De Haven & Brother.	Sailor & Stevenson.
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GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
Secretary of the Treasury.

PROGRESS OF REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at time of Last Administration, March 1, 1869.	Present Outstanding, March 1, 1871.
Five twenty six per cent stock	$856,509,500	$1,802,577,950	$1,434,080,900
Other six per cent stocks	502,331,042	283,677,400	283,679,100
Ten-forty five per cent stock	172,770,300	194,687,300	194,687,300
Other five per cent stock	77,022,500	27,022,500	27,000,000
Three-year 7.30 per cent. notes	830,600,000		
Three year six per cent. notes	212,321,470		
Total funded	2,150,794,112	2,107,954,050	1,939,349,300
Greenback notes	$430,114,700	$356,021,075	$356,100,184
Greenback certificates	205,822,845	71,149,950	55,230,800
Gold certificates		29,775,560	29,657,508
Fractional currency	25,250,022	26,761,547	40,372,748
Past-due notes and bonds	17,263,120	6,422,464	5,293,112
Total Treasury circulation	721,250,796	490,149,544	484,653,346
Less gold in Treasury	35,637,856	92,741,261	103,174,219
	686,612,939	400,399,283	381,479,127
Less currency balance	21,401,775	16,853,529	20,854,806
Net Treasury circulation	665,211,163	383,545,754	360,624,321
Total principal of debt	$2,705,993,275	$2,491,499,804	$2,299,945,621
Yearly interest, in gold	$94,419,823	$124,255,350	$113,194,940
Yearly interest in currency	87,412,470	2 134,3 8	1,657,140
Total amount of interest charge	181,832,293	126,389,508	114,852,080

mh18-2t

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"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink.

AGENTS WANTED.

Agents are wanted to obtain subscribers for this paper—the SATURDAY EVENING POST. Good Commissions allowed. Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

CANVASSERS WANTED—For the **Colby Wringer, with Moulton's Patent Indestructible Rolls.** One of the best selling and paying articles ever offered to the public. Extraordinary liberal inducements offered to "live" active, energetic, persevering men. Exclusive right of territory given.

For descriptive Circular and terms, address

COLBY BROS. & CO.,
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The most taking, instructive, and universally sought after book issued for years. Fascinating as fiction, authentic as history, practical as "Poor Richard, with lessons more elevating for popular purposes, than the profoundest philosophy. Agents are clearing from $60 to $100 per month, in spite of hard times. Sells fast and easily, and delivers splendidly. Send for Circular, etc., and notice extra terms.

GEO. MACLEAN, PUBLISHER,
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BOOSEY'S COMPLETE OPERAS for Voice and Piano-forte, words in two languages. Price $1 each. Now ready: Don Juan, Fidelio, Il Barbiere, Somnambula, Martha, Trovatore. Issued fortnightly. BOOSEY & CO., No. 4 Bond St., and W. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway. mar11 6m

WANTED—AGENTS, ($20 per day) to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the *under-feed*, makes the "*lock stitch*" (alike on both sides,) and is *fully licensed*. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburg, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. sep17-1y

$5 TO $10 PER DAY. MEN, WOMEN, BOYS and GIRLS who engage in our new business make from $5 to $10 per day in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent free by mail. Those in need of permanent, profitable work, should address at once. GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. jan 21-12t

SCROFULA in all its forms. Ulcers, Sores, Syphilis, Tetters, Scalds, Boils, Tuberculous Consumption, and all diseases arising from impure blood, *CAN BE CURED* by using the **Samaritan's Root and Herb Juices.**

This important fact we are ready to prove to the thousands who have given up all hope.

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HEAVY WHITE SURPRISE OATS.
At Reasonable Prices.

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Unrivaled as a toilet requisite, it possesses a delicacy of fragrance comparable to that of the imported. Its merits as a durable perfume for the handkerchief makes it far preferable to the numberless cheap extracts so much in vogue.

Price One Dollar per Bottle.

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AGENTS WANTED.

$10 a day made by selling Broom, Brush, and Tool Holders. Greatest novelty of the age. Send 25 cents for sample.

AMERICAN HARDWARE CO.,
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Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of $331 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. feb25-26t

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E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.
jan28 13t

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LABORATORY—143 Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.
dec10-1y

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mh4-12t

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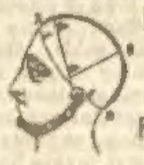

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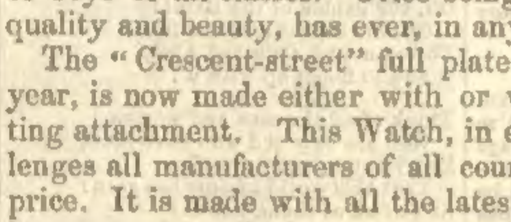

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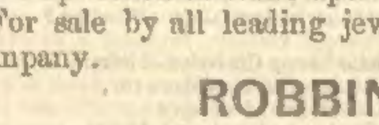

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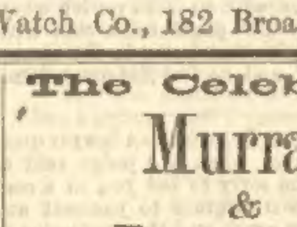

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WIT AND HUMOR.

The Average Juror.

Question alternately by the Court, the State's Attorney and the defense, as usually answered by "an intelligent juror:"

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"Oh, yes—yes, sir."

"If you were on a jury then, where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn't agree to a verdict to hang him?"

"Yes, sir—yes I would."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Your mind, then, is made up?"

"Oh, no—no, it ain't."

"Have you any bias for or against the prisoner?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"Are you prejudiced?"

"Oh, no, not a bit."

"Have you ever heard of this case?"

"I think I have."

"Would you decide, if on the jury according to the evidence or mere rumor?"

"Mere rumor."

"Perhaps you don't understand; would you decide according to evidence?"

"Evidence."

"If it was in your power to do so, would you change the law of capital punishment or let it stand?"

"Let it stand."

The Court: "Would you let it stand or change it?"

"Change it."

"Now, which would you do?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are you a freeholder?"

"Yes, sir, oh yes."

"Do you own a house and land, or rent?"

"Neither—I'm a boarder."

"Have formed an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you expressed an opinion?"

"Think I have."

The Court: "Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is very evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on any subject."

It Won't Do.

"I've been thinking," said Frogby, absently spitting into our paste cup; "I've been thinking about this here woman suffrage business. S'posing," said he, "that—a—a—now—Olive Logan, for instance, should be made President of this great and glorious country, bequeathed to us by noble sires and all that, she'll be President Logan, wouldn't she?" We bowed. "Well, now, s'posing she was to marry, say, a man by the name of—of—Perkins, for instance, would she be President Logan, or President Perkins?" It was too many for us. "And then again," continued he, after a pause, "s'posing Mrs. Johnson was to die, and Olive married Andrew, how then? Just think of Johnson in the White House again! will you? No, *sir!* With *such* a prospect, Paul Frogby's *down* on woman suffrage!"

A Row.

There is a row among the dead languages. Several of the newspapers having perpetrated jokes on the travels and exploits of "*Sic Transit*," whom "*Nihil fit*," and *nocles* head off, the Yale Courant reports as follows:—"*O unum* sculls! He didn't either. *Sic Transit* drove a *to pons tandem torno Ver* from the eastward. He is visiting his *ante* Mrs. *Dic Terra*, in this city, and will stay till *Ortem*. Mrs. *Dignos*, the *Terris*, likewise *et super* with us last evening when he *da beta pi*. The pugilist also *cum* with him. He *lambda* man badly in the street. He *cutis nos* off, and *noctem flat urna* flounder."

FIRST CORRECT OPINION.—A lawyer came into court drunk, when the judge said to him: "Sir, I am sorry to see you in a condition which is a disgrace to yourself and your family, the court, and the profession to which you belong." The reproof elicited the following colloquy: "Did your honor speak to me?" "I did, sir; I said that in my opinion you disgrace yourself and family, the court, and the profession to which you belong, by your conduct." "May i-i-it please your honor, I have been an attorney-in-in-in this court for fifteen years, and permit me to say, your honor, that this is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give."

THEIR FIRST VOTE.—A justice's jury of six recently tried a man for assault and battery in Crawford County, Ind., and their first vote as to the verdict was as follows:—Juror No. 1 voted "No case of action;" No. 2 voted "Salt and battery, Second DeGree;" No. 3 deemed the prisoner "Gilty of salt;" No. 4 decided there was "No action of caus;" No. 5 voted it "assault and Batory;" while No. 6 decided the prisoner "Gilty of an assault only."

CANDID CHILDHOOD.—Rich Maiden Lady. "Well, May, why are you looking so hard at me?"

May. "I'm looking for your other face."

Lady. "What other face, child?"

May. "Why, ma is always saying you have two faces!" [Consternation of mamma.

How Small Expenditures Count.

Five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week—not much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family, $18.26 a year—and this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of a year and the interest thereon at six per cent. computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than $679—enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet it is fifteen cents a day—$1.05 per week. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over $3,000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought; yet, with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Seventy cents per week—it would buy several yards of muslin; $36.50 in one year—deposit this amount as before, and you would have $2,340 in twenty years—quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children; $2.10 a week, enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper; $109.50 per year—with it you could buy a good melodeon, from which you could procure good music, to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount of $15,000.—*Exchange.*

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

"Instances have been known of lions displaying a strong attachment for men, as in the well-known story of Androcles."—*Natural History.* But as old Daubeny was not again heard of, it seems likely that in his case the lion's affection was of the nature of a devouring passion.

A FANCY.

I suppose if all the children
  Who have lived through ages long,
Were collected and inspected
  They would make a wondrous throng.
Oh, the babble of the Babel!
  Oh, the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
  And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
  Who are now and who have been,
Every nation since creation
  That this world of ours has seen:
And of all of them, not any
  But was once a baby small;
While of children, oh, how many
  Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
  Never used their rosy feet;
Some have even flown to Heaven
  Ere they knew that earth was sweet.
And indeed I wonder whether,
  If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
  There is *room* for them on earth?

Who will wash their smiling faces?
  Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them, and caress them?
  Who will darn their little socks?
Where are arms enough to hold them?
  Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? who will scold them?
  Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children,
  Little savage children too,
In all stages of all ages
  That our planet ever knew—
Little princes and princesses,
  Little beggars wan and faint;
Some in very handsome dresses,
  Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
  Such a motley crowd would make;
And the clatter of their chatter,
  And the things that they would break.
Oh, the babble of the Babel;
  Oh, the flutter and the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
  And to finish off with us.

Dr. Dio Lewis on Evening Entertainments.

If people have beautiful homes and wealth, and desire to make their party a *recherche* affair, are there not professional players, singers, actors, readers, florists, etc.? Something grand could be given for half the expense of an elaborate supper.

I need hardly hint to bright people of a less pretentious class that social singing, dancing, charades, and a hundred beautiful games are all open to them. These are tenfold more enjoyable than the more stately methods of the rich.

The time will soon come when people of really fine culture will not think of giving their guests a late supper; indeed, of the twenty most intellectual and refined homes to which I have been invited in America and Europe, not one gave any refreshments at an evening party, with perhaps the exception of wine in France, and lemonade in this country.

If people have no brains, but have good stomachs, then I advise eating on all occasions; in fact, it is the only thing left. Such people may have already eaten three meals, but when they assemble in the evening at a sociable they had better feed again, and feed hearty; what else is there to do? They can't sit and stare at each other by the hour, and it wouldn't be good manners to lie down on the floor and go to sleep. After they finish the more substantial meats and things they can fill up the rest of the evening with nuts, dough-nuts, apples, cider, and other trifling things.

But if people happen to have a love of music, paintings, conversation (the finest of the fine arts,) bright games, charades, dramatics, or any other of twenty amusements—if they happen to have a love for anything above cold pork, then, I advise them, when assembled in a social way, to give their brains a chance, and not stuff their stomachs; the former is human, the latter is piggish.

Few changes in our social life have afforded me such genuine satisfaction as the recent changes, among a few of our best people, in the forms and methods of hospitality.

The change from, "Will you have a glass of whiskey?" which was addressed to callers fifty years ago, to the question, "Will you have something to eat?" which was addressed to them twenty-five years ago, was, on the whole, a great improvement. The change which has now been inaugurated of addressing your hospitality to something above the stomach is a still greater improvement.

When this has been fairly established, housekeepers can entertain company in the evening with real pleasure and profit to all concerned. When an evening sociable means a "big feed," it involves a great sacrifice; there is roasting, baking, and fussing for two or three days, and the expense is such as only a few can well afford. And what is it all for? Why, I can't think of any thing, unless it is to make the company sick. Does any one doubt that eating late in the evening is injurious? And does any one doubt that the preparation and cost of the supper involve a sacrifice to the housekeeper? If these are admitted, I can't imagine any decent apology for the custom.

What shall be done? Every important movement must be inaugurated by individual action. Let those who have the idea and the moral courage excuse themselves from all evening refreshments, and the fashion will soon become general.

It is a real pleasure to say that already thousands have determined upon this course, so that now it is quite safe to entertain company without refreshments.

"Male and Female Created He Them."

It would be amusing were it not also vexatious to read long columns of argument to prove that if women have never excelled in the same directions as men it is because they have been differently educated, or differently situated. Would it be a disgrace to admit that they are differently organized? Shall the peach be humiliated because it is not a pear, or the lily because it is not a rose? It is only among the least civilized nations that woman are set to bear the burdens which a higher culture assigned to man. The Swiss peasant woman ploughs the fields; but the intelligent wife of an American farmer makes the butter and cheese, and takes care of the crops her husband has cultivated and harvested. In the domain of abstract thought or of pure mathematics so few *attempts* have been made by women that Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Somerville and Maria Mitchell are almost as exceptional beings as Joan of Arc. No especial difficulties were thrown in the way of these women, and the mere fact that so few have followed in their footsteps is the surest proof that it is not natural to women to write mathematical treatises, or watch the midnight stars. But is this proving women's inferiority? Surely not, unless a very finite comprehension of the laws of science is the best thing the world offers. There is other culture which is not less noble. One would rather be Mrs. Browning singing at heaven's gate than the best mathematician of the age. The patient, self-forgetful watcher in the ward of a hospital shows as noble a heroism as the great soldier who makes hospitals necessary. It is not a question of great or small, but of radical difference. In the beginning, says the sacred historian, "male and female created He them"—and male and female they seem likely to remain, despite argument.

AGRICULTURAL.

Three Crops in One Season, with a Sketch of the Man who Does it.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

"A little farm, well tilled," has so often been our theme, that it would seem that we had exhausted the subject. Like many other axioms in horticulture and agriculture, it becomes necessary to preach from the same text again and again, to remind young and inexperienced readers that, particularly in the vicinity of large towns or cities, a farm of a few acres, "well tilled," will give each year such profits as farms counting their acres by the hundred do not often yield in a lifetime.

I had almost thought that I knew all about market gardening in this vicinity, that was worth knowing; but a successful experiment, made last fall by one of my neighbors, John Reilly, proved to my satisfaction that I was not yet too old to learn. The neighbor in question is an old foreman of mine, who cultivates about eight acres, in the way usually practised here: first planting the spring crops of early cabbages, beets, lettuce, onions, radishes, etc., which, being sold off by July, the land is again planted to the second crop, which is usually celery. This is all that we have been requiring of the soil, to give us two crops in one season. But this neighbor of mine is a man of more than ordinary shrewdness and a close observer; he saw that the long-continued drought of last July and August was certain to seriously impair the fall cabbage crop, and that the consumer in consequence would pay high for a substitute. He knew that an excellent substitute was spinach, but his small farm of eight acres was already planted with celery or other fall crops, and no other land rich enough to grow the spinach was accessible. He also saw that the drouth that was destroying the cabbage crop left the celery but little larger in September than when it was planted in July, and the three feet of space between the rows of celery were left uncropped; this suggested that a row of spinach might be sown between each two rows of celery; at any rate, it might be worth trying.

Twenty pounds of seed were procured, and about six acres of the ground planted with celery were sown with spinach. Mr. Reilly told me that the experiment netted him $1,500, clear of all expenses, and that, too, without detriment to the celery crop.

The spinach was sown September 1st, and was all cut off and marketed in six weeks from the time of sowing, which gave yet ample time to do the work on the celery crop. I have not the figures giving the profits of the three crops per acre, but judge it to be not less than $1,000 in the hands of Mr. Reilly, who has been, perhaps, the most successful cultivator in the vicinity of New York. At least, I much doubt if more money has ever been made off the same number of acres in the same space of time than has been done by him. As some of the points in the history of such a man may be interesting to the thousands of your readers who cultivate the soil, I will briefly give them.

On a biting cold day in the month of January, some fifteen years ago, John Reilly, then about 19 years of age, clad in a rough gray frieze and corduroys, and just landed from an emigrant ship, asked me for a job. I was full to overflowing with help, as we usually are at such a season, but he was such a likely "boy," that I made room for him. His wages for the first year were only $100, the next perhaps $130. But up to this time I had seen but little of him, as he had been sent under a foreman to the place he now owns, which was some miles removed from my residence. Suddenly, one day, my old foreman died, and my garden, in full crop and working eight men, was without a leader. My practice had ever been, and still is, to select my overseer from the working hands, if possible; accordingly I passed these eight workmen through an examination, and without much hesitation decided that Reilly was the only one fitted to lead, though yet scarcely twenty-one. But I had hardly placed him in charge when trouble began; hands that had been with me for half a dozen years, and almost old enough to be his father, refused to obey his orders and resented his authority, and my hitherto peaceful garden bid fair to resemble Donnybrook on a small scale. I tried to conciliate, but to no purpose. John here developed his self-reliance, and showed his early genius as a commander. He insisted that all the old hands be discharged, and that their places be filled with men whom he could control. I hesitated, being loath to discharge trained men when I could only fill their places by green ones; but increasing difficulties made such a course a necessity; accordingly it was done, and from that time there was peace. John now had a chance to show his ability, and rapidly he did it. The garden, under his superintendence, soon became a model for the neighborhood; always clean, orderly, and having luxuriant crops, and worked at less expense than any of us had worked before. This was owing, in part, to the rigid discipline he enforced with his men, but more particularly to a manner of working them, peculiarly his own, and from which I believe he has not since deviated. He never allowed his men to separate, always working them in a body, himself leading; and no matter whether it was a job requiring an hour or a week to finish, he always moved them together, so that all were under his eye. Such manifest ability soon reaped its reward. In four years John had saved $3,000 from the salary I paid him. He was then too rich to work for any one; and believing that the chances were a hundred to one that I could not replace such a man, I sold out the land and crop to him at a price that made his interest and taxes over $2,000 a year. Such a load would have daunted most men, but not such as he. In four years he had paid every dollar of principal—over $20,000—every cent of which he had made in that time from the product of these eight acres of Jersey soil. He was now firmly on his feet. He bought another eight acres, which he has long since paid for, so that now he is certainly worth $60,000 in real estate alone, two-thirds of which have actually been paid for from the product of those eight acres of land in eight or nine years. Proud may the man be of a fortune so honestly come by, dug by hard labor from old mother earth! We know that such amounts seem small to the mercantile community, and that our "self-made man" among these must have his millions before his history is thought worth recording; but the energy of mind and body necessary to accomplish so much in so short a time, in such a pursuit as gardening, may have been greater than that displayed by those who have attained greater fame.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Valuable Table.

The following table will be found very useful to farmers, and to many others who are not farmers, and we advise our readers to preserve it for reference. It may be proper to add that many farmers advocate a much heavier seeding of grass than is indicated in the table, and the Journal of Agriculture thinks an increase of from 25 to 50 per cent. would be advisable in most cases:

Kind of Seed.	Seed per acre.	Pounds per bushel.
Clover (Red)	6 to 10 lbs.	60
Clover (White)	4 to 6 lbs	60
Timothy	8 to 10 lbs.	45
Redtop	8 to 15 lbs.	14
Lawn Grass	1½, 1½ to 2 bush	14
Kentucky Blue Grass	8 to 15 lbs.	14
Millet	¾ to 1 bush	50
Hungarian Grass	½ to ¾ bush	48
Flax Seed	¾ bush	56
Buckwheat	½ to ¾ bush.	52
Turnip Seed	1 lb	
Turnips		57
Wheat	1¼ to 1½ bush	60
Oats	2 to 3 bush.	32
Rye	1¼ to 1½ bush.	56
Barley	1½ to 2 bush.	50
Corn in ear		70
Corn Meal		50
Irish Potatoes	12 to 15 bush.	60
Sweet Potatoes		40
Corn (large yellow)	6 to 8 quarts	56
Corn (small)	4½ to 6 quarts	56
Peas (field)	2 to 2½ bush	60
Split Peas		60
Beets (field)	4 lbs	
Beans (white)	16 lbs.	60
Castor Beans	2 quarts	46
Carrots	3 to 4 lbs.	
Onions	4 to 5 lbs.	57
Top Onion Setts	50 to 60 lbs.	27
Hemp	44 to 100 lbs	44
Upland Cotton Seed	10 to 12 lbs.	31½
Rape Seed	10 to 12 lbs.	50
Kale Seed	10 to 20 lbs	56
Osage Orange Seed		33
Sorghum Seed		32
Bran		20
Dried Peaches		33
Dried Apples		24
Malt Barley		24
Salt		50
Coal		80
Lime		80
Cement		80
Plaster Paris		80
Hair		83

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 35, 58, 31, 52, 46, 57, was a great English bishop.
My 47, 29, 6, is a tree mentioned by our blessed Lord.
My 52, 18, 53, 57, 33, 38, 7, 44, 34, 18, 52, was one of the twelve apostles.
My 25, 12, 46, 4, 25, 12, is the patron saint of England.
My 23, 18, 38, 12, 4, is the outward sign in one of the Sacraments.
My 25, 13, 49, 25, 44, 13, 53, was one of the greatest of the bishops of Rome.
My 4, 58, 16, 54, 14, 53, was a great reformer.
My 17, 22, 26, 24, 8, 33, 31, is a part of the vestment of the altar.
My 57, 41, 24, 3, 11, 33, 2, was an ancient city.
My 46, 22, 16, 49, 13, 52, is a Sacrament of the church.
My 55, 33, 30, 21, 15, 6, 32, 50, 3, was a saint.
My 27, 59, 11, 20, 10, was a great king of Israel.
My 56, 54, 40, 10, is an ecclesiastical vestment.
My 18, 1, 36, 12, 51, 52, is a city of Greece.
My 48, 9, 5, 39, 42, 19, is an order of clergy in the Catholic Church.
My 43, 43, 37, 31, 56, 27, 14, 54, 45, 20, 58 59, was one of the seven churches.
My whole was a distinguished prelate in this country. X.

Double Acrostic.

A brave commander who to famine yields.
A matchless strategist on battle fields.

1. Hark! 'tis the Indian drum!
   Yes; 'tis the Indian drum.
   The woods and rocks around
   Echo the warlike sound.
2. I know not how to tell thee who I am;
   My name is hateful even to myself.
   Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized.
3. Men brought forth fiery shares, and laid them in a row
   On the bare earth, God's mighty grace to show;
   And e'er the red-hot ploughshares did he tread
   Blindfold and barefoot, till he fell down dead.
4. Secret of happiness without alloy;
   A crown that very seldom kings enjoy.
5. Emblem of noble, not of royal blood;
   Bells on her legs, and on her head a hood.
6. A beauteous nymph, in German fiction found.
   Her grave was watery, yet she was not drowned. CRACK.

Problem.

If the annual parallax of Rigel is 1.43 seconds, and that of Sirius 1.24 seconds, their angular distance being 24 degrees, what is the distance from the Dog Star to Rigel Orion, and what is the angle subtended between Sirius and our sun, when viewed by an astronomer at Rigel?

JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a lawyer like an uneasy sleeper? Ans.—Because he first lies on one side, then turns over and lies on the other.

☞ Why is an elephant unlike a tree? Ans.—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

☞ Why is electricity like the Philadelphia police? Ans.—Because it is an invisible force.

☞ Why are some girls like old muskets? Ans.—Because they use a good deal of powder, but won't go off.

☞ When is a lawyer strongest? Ans.—When he is fee-blest.

☞ What man carries everything before him? Ans.—The waiter.

☞ "Jeff, why am you like de cedar?" "I guve it up, Sam; I can't tell ye." "'Case he stays green both summer and winter."

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Ever ready with our lives and property. REBUS.—Jack and the Beanstalk. (Jessica, Aroundight, Chevy Chase, Kilometre, Ardennes, Neptune, Draco, Tracy Tupman, Holy Land, Elms, Bride of the Sea, Edinburgh, Artemis, Norway, Snike, Tunis, Aladdin, Lucknow, Kingfisher.

RECEIPTS.

VEAL OLIVES.—Take the bone out of the fillet, and cut thin slices the size of the leg, beat them flat, rub with the yolk of an egg beaten, lay on each piece a thin slice of boiled ham, sprinkle salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, and bread-crumbs over all; roll them up tight, and secure them with skewers; rub them with egg, and roll them in bread-crumbs; lay them on a tin dripping-pan, and set them in an oven; when brown on one side, turn them, and when sufficiently done, lay them in a rich, highly-seasoned gravy made of proper thickness; stew them till tender, garnish with force-meat balls, and green pickles sliced.

FLOUR-PUDDING.—Take one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt, half a teacup of sugar; mix, boil and thicken with one teacup of wheat-flour, wet with cold milk and stir until it boils again, then remove from the fire. When half cold add two well-beaten eggs, and flavor with nutmeg or lemon. Add raisins if you choose. Bake half an hour. To be eaten cold with or without sweetened cream.

CREAM SPONGE-CAKE.—Two eggs beaten in a teacup, fill it with thick sweet cream; one cup of white sugar, one teaspoon cream-tartar, one half teaspoonful soda, one cup of flour; season with lemon, and bake in a long tin, and you have a delightful cake.

GLYCERINE AND YOLK OF EGG.—The Philadelphia Journal of Pharmacy has made known a formula for a preparation which is likely to prove valuable for external use. Four parts, by weight, of yolk of egg are to be rubbed in a mortar with five parts of glycerine. The compound has the consistency of honey, and is unctuous like fatty substances, over which it has the advantage of being easily removed by water. It is unalterable, a specimen having laid exposed to the air for three years unchanged. It forms a varnish which effectually prevents the action of the air. These properties render it serviceable for broken surfaces of all kinds, particularly erysipelas and sore nipples, and cutaneous affections, of which it allays the itching.